
THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

MARCH, 1801.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ROBERT BURNS.

Enriched with a capital Portrait in Colours.

FROM the survey which we have lately taken of an eloquent statesman and an eccentric nobleman, let us now turn to the contemplation of a poet, distinguished by his natural talents, and who has excited much of the public attention. His history is remarkable, and his end to be lamented. The story to be unfolded is, in many respects, of a melancholy cast, yet it holds out many lessons of improvement. But we must not raise the expectations of the reader, lest those expectations should terminate in disappointment. Our province is to draw up the narrative with a sacred fidelity.

ROBERT BURNS was born in the year 1759, near the town of Ayr, in the south part of Scotland. His father, William Burns, was originally a gardener, but afterwards rented a few acres of land for the support of his family. His farm did not succeed—though, on *his* part, were exercised the greatest industry and economy. After a series of misfortunes the poor man died of a broken heart

in the year 1784—he was beloved by those who knew him, for a strict and undeviating integrity.

The point of light in which Robert Burns viewed the memory of his father, may be seen in the beautiful picture drawn in one of his poems of him and his family at their evening devotions—it concludes with these soothing lines:—

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal king,

The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays,

Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,

That *thus* they all shall meet in future days ;

There ever bask in uncreated rays,

No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,

Together hymning their creator's praise ;

In such society, yet still more dear,

While circling time moves round in an *eternal* sphere !

The education of our poet was very scanty—but the energy of his mind was discernible even in the earlier periods of his life. About the age of six or seven years he was committed to the care of a Mr. Murdoch, who paid his pupil every proper attention. His preceptor, lately, has given an account of this period, in a letter to a friend, out of which shall be taken the following paragraph.—“ Robert, and his younger brother Gilbert, had been grounded a little in English before they were put under my care. They both made a rapid progress in reading, and a tolerable progress in writing. In reading, dividing words into syllables by rule, spelling without book, parsing sentences, &c. Robert and Gilbert were generally at the upper end of the class, even when ranged with boys by far their seniors. The books most commonly used in the school were, the *Spelling-Book*, the *New Testament*, the *Bible*, *Mason's Collection of Prose and Verse*, and *Fisher's English Grammar*. They committed to memory the hymns and other poems of that collection, with uncommon facility.”

Soon after, in the year 1772, Mr. Murdoch was appointed to teach the English school at Ayr—hither Robert came to increase his knowledge, that he might have it in his power to teach his brothers and sisters at home. He applied, it seems, with intenseness to his learning, and was able to read a little of Telemachus in the French language.—“But,” says Mr. M. “now the plains of Mount Oliphant (his father’s farm), began to whiten, and Robert was summoned to relinquish the pleasing scenes that surrounded the grotto of Calypso, and, armed with a sickle, to seek glory by signalling himself in the fields of Ceres—and so he did, for, although but about fifteen, I was told he performed the work of a man.”

Thus Mr. M. lost his promising pupil, though he afterwards visited the house of the father, and was thus the means of conveying incidental instruction. Of the old man, this respectable tutor speaks in terms of high respect—his words are too remarkable to be omitted.—“I must not pretend to give you a description of all the manly qualities, the rational and christian virtues of the venerable William Burns. Time would fail me. I shall only add, that he carefully practised every known duty, and avoided every thing that was inimical, or, in the apostle’s words—*Herein did he exercise himself, in living a life void of offence towards God and towards man.* O for a world of men of such dispositions! We should then have no WARS. I have often wished, for the good of mankind, that it were as customary to honour and perpetuate the memory of those who excel in *moral rectitude*, as it is to extol what are called heroic actions—then would the mausoleum of the friend of my youth overtop and surpass most of the monuments I see in Westminster Abbey.” Mr. M. then almost immediately adds,—“Mr. Burns, in a short time,

found that he had over-rated Mount Oliphant, and that he could not rear his numerous family upon it. After being there some years, he removed to Lochlea, in the parish of Tarbolton, where, I believe, Robert wrote most of his poems."

So far, therefore, Mr. M. his early preceptor, leads us—we must now look to another quarter for further information. Robert, henceforwards, for some time at least, laboured on the farm with uncommon industry; but these employments engrossed not the whole of his attention. To use the elegant words of his biographer (Dr. Currie, of Liverpool), "while the ploughshare, under his guidance, passed through the sward, or the grass fell under the sweep of his scythe, he was humming the songs of his country, musing on the deeds of ancient valour, or wrapt in the illusions of fancy, as her enchantments rose on his view. Happily, the Sunday is yet a sabbath, on which man and beast rest from their labours. On this day, therefore, Burns could indulge in a free intercourse with the charms of nature. It was his delight to wander alone on the banks of the Ayr, whose stream is now immortal, and to listen to the song of the blackbird at the close of the summer's day. But still greater was his pleasure, as he himself informs us, in walking on the sheltered side of a wood in a cloudy day, and hearing the storm rave among the trees; and more elevated still his delight, to ascend some eminence during the agitations of nature, to stride along its summit while the lightning flashed around him, and amidst the howlings of the tempest to apostrophise the spirit of the storm. Such situations, he declares, most favourable to devotion—"rapt in enthusiasm, I seem to ascend towards him *who walks on the wings of the wind!*"

In the year 1781 we find the subject of our biography at Irvine—whence he writes an excellent

letter to his father, in which the views of a future life are spoken of with an affecting sensibility. On this circumstance Dr. C. has this just paragraph:—"This letter, written several years before the publication of his poems, when his name was as obscure as his condition was humble, displays the philosophic melancholy which so generally forms the poetical temperament, and that buoyant and ambitious spirit, which indicates a mind conscious of its strength. At Irvine, Burns, at this time, possessed a single room for a lodging, rented, perhaps, at the rate of a shilling a week. He passed his days in constant labour, as a flax-dresser; and his food consisted chiefly of oatmeal, sent to him from his father's family. The store of this humble, though wholesome nutriment, it appears was nearly exhausted, and he was about to borrow till he should obtain a supply. Yet even in this situation his active imagination had formed to itself pictures of eminence and distinction. His despair of making a figure in the world, shews how ardently he wished for honourable fame, and his contempt of life, founded on this despair, is the genuine expression of a youthful and generous mind. In such a state of reflection and of suffering, the imagination of Burns naturally passed the dark boundaries of our earthly horizon, and rested on those beautiful representations of a better world, where there is neither thirst, nor hunger, nor sorrow, and where happiness shall be in proportion to the capacity of happiness*."

* In this letter *Burns* has these expressions:—"It is for this reason I am more pleased with the 15th, 16th, and 17th verses of the seventh chapter of the Revelations, than with any ten times as many verses in the whole Bible, and would not exchange the noble

Robert now became a member of a little debating society in the village of Tarbolton, which he had formed with care and attention. Here his powers were exerted, and no doubt improved. A few of their questions shall be transcribed—Whether do we derive more happiness, from love or friendship? Whether between friends who have no reason to doubt each other's friendship, there should be any reserve? Whether is the savage man or the peasant of a civilized country in the most happy situation? Whether is a young man of the lower ranks of life likeliest to be happy, who has got a good education, and his mind well informed, or he who has just the education and information of those around him?

It was during this period, that Burns wrote most of his poems—in his own circle he was known for his poetical talents, and drew no small admiration. He therefore resolved to extend his fame by the publication of his poems—and they met with a favourable reception. At this juncture, however, and fearing the horrors of a jail, he had determined to emigrate to Jamaica, and was on the point of embarkation, when a kind letter from Dr. Blacklock kept him in his native country. To Edinburgh he went towards the latter end of the year 1786—and was received there by some celebrated characters, with marks of great attention.

A new and enlarged edition of his poems were now published, and dedicated to the *Caledonian Hunt*, an association of the principal nobility and gentry of Scotland. In his prefatory address occurs the following animated paragraph:—"I con-

enthusiasm with which they inspire me, for all that this world has to offer." It is greatly to be regretted that our bard did not adhere to these sentiments.

gratulate my country that the blood of her ancient heroes runs uncontaminated, and that from your courage, knowledge, and public spirit, she may expect protection, wealth, and liberty. May corruption shrink at your kindling indignant glance, and may tyranny in the ruler, and licentiousness in the people, find in you an inexorable foe!" The patronage which the poet received from this society increased the profits of the sale, and thus he was enabled to gratify himself in making a tour through the country.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Monthly Visitor,

ANECDOTE

OF

MR. DE SALLO,

THE FIRST INVENTOR OF PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

IN the year 1692, when Paris was afflicted with a long and severe famine, M. de Sallo, returning from a summer's evening walk, with only a little foot-boy, was accosted by a man, who presented his pistol, and, in a manner far from the resoluteness of a hardened robber, asked him for his money. M. de Sallo observing that he came to the wrong man, and that he could get little from him, added, " I have only three pistoles about me, which are not worth a scuffle; so, much good may you do with them; but let me tell you, you are in a bad way." The man took them, and without asking him for more, walked off with an air of dejection and terror.

The fellow was no sooner gone, than M. de Sallo ordered the boy to follow him, to see where

he went, and to give him an account of every thing. The lad obeyed; followed him through several obscure streets, and at length saw him enter a baker's shop, where he observed him change one of the pistoles, and buy a large brown loaf. With this purchase he went a few doors farther, and, entering an alley, ascended a pair of stairs. The boy crept up after him to the fourth story, where he saw him go into a room, which had no light but what it received from the moon; and peeping through a crevice, he perceived him throw it on the floor, and burst into tears, saying, "There, eat your fill; that's the dearest loaf I ever bought; I have robbed a gentleman of three pistoles; let us husband them well, and let me have no more teazings; for sooner or later these doings must bring me to the gallows; and all to satisfy your clamours." His lamentations were answered by those of the whole family; and his wife having at length calmed the agony of his mind, took up the loaf, and cutting it, gave four pieces to four starving children.

The boy having thus happily performed his commission, returned home, and gave his master an account of every thing that he had seen and heard. M. de Sallo, who was much moved, ordered the boy to call him at five in the morning. This humane gentleman arose at the time appointed, and taking the boy with him to shew him the way, enquired, in the neighbourhood, about the character of a man who lived in such a garret, with a wife and four children; when he was told, that he was a very industrious good kind of man; that he was a shoemaker, and a neat workman, but was overburthened with a family, and had a hard struggle to live in such bad times.

Satisfied with this account, M. de Sallo ascended the shoemaker's garret; and knocking at the door,

it was opened by the poor man himself, who, knowing him at first sight to be the man he had robbed the evening before, fell at his feet, and implored his mercy, pleading the extreme distress of his family, and begging that he would forgive his first crime. M. de Sallo desired him to make no noise, for he had no intention to hurt him. "You have a good character among your neighbours," said he, "but must expect that your life will soon be cut short, if you are now so wicked as to continue the freedom you took with me. Hold your hand; here are thirty pistoles to buy leather; husband it well, and set your children a commendable example. To put you out of farther temptations to commit such ruinous and fatal actions, I will encourage your industry; I hear you are a neat workman, and you shall take measure of me, and of this boy, for two pair of shoes each, and he shall call upon you for them." The whole family appeared struck with joy, amazement, and gratitude. M. de Sallo departed, greatly moved, and with a mind filled with satisfaction, at having saved a man, and perhaps a family, from the commission of guilt, from an ignominious death, and perhaps from eternal perdition. Never was a day better begun; the consciousness of having performed such an action, whenever it recurs to the mind of a reasonable being, must be attended with pleasure, and that self-complacency and secret approbation, which is more desirable than gold, and all the pleasures of the earth.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON EDUCATION,

BY — PRATT.

I see too plainly custom forms us all:
 Our thoughts, our morals, our most fix'd belief,
 Are consequences of our place of birth:
 Born beyond Ganges—I had been a *Pagan*!
 In France, a *Christian*—I am here a *Saracen*.
 'Tis but instruction all! Our parent's hand
 Writes on our hearts the first faint characters,
 Which time retracing deepens into strength
 That nothing can efface but death or heaven.

ZARA.

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.

POPE.

LET us imagine, as an elucidation of the above assertions, a child born under every favourable event of temporal prosperity; the father rich, and the mother beautiful; its cradle is soft and downy, its pap is made of the whitest bread; and every accommodation that the little stranger demands, is furnished with the most pompous parade, and in the highest perfection. It will not be long before these *softnesses* will have so great an influence on the body, that the infant must imbibe from these blessings an idea of luxury. This idea will be constantly recurring, and every day's illustration of the points which first produced it, will expand on the imagination, which, like the passions and appetites, is no foe to delicacies. Voluptuous images, thus associated, are easily admitted into the young heart, and every thing that did not correspond with those images, would, in

proportion, be rejected. Accustomed to the light and spacious apartments, he would not venture into a dark passage without his nurse or governante.

Suppose, on the other hand, a child, the offspring of laborious and indigent parents; its birth is effected upon the straw, or upon sacking, without curtains; the wind blows hard through the casement; the mother lies down contented with her small beer caudle, and on the third and fourth day she is up, and dandling the babe upon her knee, or dancing it in her arms.

The mother of the other, meanwhile, is gradually recovering from the pains of labour, upon a couch of down; stops up every crevice of air, "lest the breeze of heaven should visit her too roughly." Dares not rise till she is sufficiently *weakened* by the forms of a fashionable lying-in, as it is, in this case, emphatically called; and, at last, after much effort, and more ceremony, she ventures abroad, on some auspicious, sun-shiny day, under the fortification of cloaks, hoods, and handkerchiefs, just to *take an airing*, with the glasses of her carriage drawn up, and then returns to her chamber, shivering at those gales which fan the face of the poor woman, who inhales them as the most natural restoratives of health and beauty.

About the time that the rich child begins to know the delicacy of its condition, the poor one would find itself promising and hardy, and, in some degree inured to the storms of life. Let them be at this period each five years old; the one has acquired a sensation of softness, the other an habit of hardiness. Suppose then, about this time, it were possible for them to *change* situations. The penniless lad shall go into the warm villa, the rich stripling into the cold cottage;—what would be the consequence? Exactly the same as if the two *mothers and fathers* were to exchange. All would be

distress, dilemma, confusion, and awkwardness; the pampered youth would crowd over the wretched bit of a blaze, made by two sticks laid across a brick; and the lad who was bred in a tempest, and seasoned to wind and weather, would very probably toss his plaything against the fine sash-window to let in the air, and prevent suffocation.

Thus far I have spoken respecting the influence of early habits on the *body*. Let us now see what effect they have on the *mind*. The connection betwixt our mortal and immortal part, is far closer than betwixt man and wife. Nothing can befall the one that is indifferent to the other: sympathy implanted by nature is powerfully reciprocated; and the tie is at once tender and forcible. Consequently, the minds of those two boys, must be affected very sensibly by their respective *educations* and *customs*. As they grow up, those customs will so strengthen, that nothing but "death or heaven" can reconcile them to an innovation, either in thought, word, or deed. The *poor* boy having heard nothing but unpolished language, ate nothing but coarse food, and passed his day amongst clowns and cattle, will continue in the track, and if, by an unlucky stroke of chance, he be called to new pursuits, his misery must be dated from the day on which he deserted the spade, the ploughshare, or the flail. The *rich* boy, in the mean time, rises into man, amidst the clash of carriages, the comfort of couches, and the luxuries of laziness. His ears are accustomed to music, fashion, and flattery; his eyes are daily charmed with objects of dissipation or delight. No possible accident could be more fatal to his peace, than a sudden deprivation of these pleasures. Take him again into the hut, he finds himself like a fish upon land, out of his element: the greatest transports of the peasant, are to him agony; and every thing

around, and within him, is as strange as if he had stepped into a new world. Why is all this?—Merely because they have been *taught* to think, and feel, and act differently.

We will proceed, gentle reader, if you please, to further familiar illustrations. Imagine that when these children were five weeks old, the mother of the poorest, reduced to extreme necessity, puts her infant in a basket, and lays it at the door of a person equally celebrated for wealth and benevolence—the gentleman takes it into his house, clothes, feeds, and educates it as his own—that very infant, which with the *parent* would be the loudest I have described, would, with its *protector*, be as different a creature as could exist. His pains, passions, pleasures, and ideas, totally *reversed*—imagine likewise that some gipsy steals, or kidnaps, as it is called, the *rich* child from the cradle, and strolls with it up and down the country; it will have its education in the open air, its lodging in a barn, and its dirty diet under a hedge. Probably it will imbibe the craft and subtlety of the gipsy, and limit its utmost ambition to trick the traveller out of sixpence, cross the palm with silver, and tell the events which *have* happened (or are still to be brought forward) by the *line of life*. Thus in every other instance (with a few peculiar exceptions, that have nothing to do with general rules), *habit* and *education* form the mind, and colour the human character.

There are, doubtless, some constitutions so adapted by nature to virtue, that no troubles, situations, nor temptations, can subdue or extirpate their amiable propensities—but ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a character takes its bias and bearing from mere tuition, and the line it is either led or thrown into in the first stage of the human journey. If there be *no* innate ideas, it follows

that the mind of every new-born babe is equally pure.—If there *be* those infantine seeds of the understanding and little embryos of intellect—they are easily turned into what channel the parent thinks proper—so that I cannot but think the father of a family one of the most awful charges upon earth.

It is admitted, that many children are unlike their parents both good and bad; yet you will observe, where the notions of parents and children are dissimilar, the dissimilitude arises rather from difference of ages, or improper culture, than any thing else; in general children are not liker in features than habits, and family-minds are as often transmitted as family-faces. There is a tractability in youth which receives, like snow, every impression—and it is almost as difficult to erase the impression of one as the other.—If a son be trained up early to decency of manners, and have the example of dignity living and moving before his eyes (unless his temper be particularly untoward) he will turn out an elegant character.—If he be trained up in different principles, he will act accordingly.—The hoyden and the prude, amongst the other sex, take not their tint and character one time in ten from nature, but from a neglect early to give them a proper idea of deportment. It may be opposed that very sedate women have romping, runaway daughters, and very prudent fathers have very perverse sons.—I mean to say no more than this, that, *generally* men and women act and think as they are taught whilst they are only able to disp out their meaning—that education will have some influence on the most abandoned; and that, on the whole, virtue and vice depend very essentially on our primary sentiments and examples; which, whether good or ill, will eternally attend us, in some measure, through all possible transi-

tions, from the time we leave our cradles, to the time we shall be deposited in our coffins.

Habit operates with equal energy on man and beast. Evidences of the fact appear continually. Cast your eyes on that horse now engaged in dutiful diudgery, and on the herds and flocks which are grazing or sporting in the adjoining pasture: but we will confine ourselves to our own species, which are certainly the most interesting objects of speculation. I was about to observe, that custom has much to do with our characters. There are certain actions so naturally and palpably good or evil, that neither sophistry nor slander, nor address, can either injure, mend, or mar them. To question the light at noon day, or the dark in the zenith of the night, would argue a malady beyond madness: so in like manner to dispute, whether downright wickedness *be* wickedness, and evident excellence *be* excellence, would be a lunacy in ethics, so absurd, that the poetical frenzy of poor Lee would be cool argument to it—on the other hand, if you live and mix long with mankind, you will find many of your fellow-creatures, pining away existence under the lashes,—the bleeding lashes of reproach, merely because it is the custom to call one thing right and another wrong, without tracing either to the bottom. It is a maxim that the *Vox Populi*, is the *Vox Dei*—that “what every body says must be true.” I know nothing so deserving of refutation as a collection of those old laws and proverbs, which, acquiring force from antiquity, and estimation from rust—for there are virtuosos in letters, as well as in coins—are at length considered as utterly incontestible. Now, certain I am, that on an examination into those very maxims we put so much credit in, some will turn out futile, some disputable, and many unfaithful. This is not a place for minute scrutinies,

it will be sufficient to look into *that* I have just mentioned, and there is none more implicitly believed. "What every body says must be true."—I have seen many instances to disprove this; I will recur to one only, which is uppermost in my memory. A young gentleman of my particular acquaintance, has for some time been deserted by his old companions, and branded as a man of unsteady principles, whose heart I know to abound with all those sensibilities which hurried him into the vortex of liberality, till he has become an object of liberality himself. He has those glowing feelings and sentiments which do at once honour and service to human nature: notwithstanding which, embarrassments have beset him, and the world sets him down as an *undone* man. The world gets hold of a prejudice, and then it is called *Vox Dei*. The *Vox Populi*, is given as the sentiment of *every body*, and thus many reputations are mistaken and misrepresented, which deserve a better fate. There are various persons likewise particularly reprobated for a few indelicate concessions to which necessity may, in violence of their better judgments, have constrained them to yield, who, had they possessed happier circumstances, would have made a much more respectable figure than those who now mark them with infamy.

There is *one* cruelty in the *Vox Populi*, which is certainly against every notion of the *Vox Dei*. 'Tis the custom to abandon the weakest part of our species to *that* ruin which the artifices of our sex have perpetrated; nor can any future repentance remove the sense of their error, or restore them to the bosoms of more fortunate women:

"They set like stars to rise no more."

I had a wife with whom I mourned many years. She died of a broken heart. We had an only child

taken from us—robbed of her by a man we held near our hearts. It was my incessant business for five years to recover our darling—but in vain. My wife fell into a deep and rapid consumption—she grew weaker every hour. We received, by a special messenger, a packet—from our beloved—misguided—repenting wanderer! She had thrown the pathetic parts of her story into poetry.* We received, at the same time, an attested account that our child was under the protection of that institution which offers an asylum to insulted penitence. My wife had only power to press the paper, trembling, to her bosom.—She feebly lifted her eyes to heaven—and died!

“ LIBERAL OPINIONS.”

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LATE MRS. ROBINSON.

CIRCUMSTANCES that cast an accidental lustre over a life, are to be taken by the biographer rather as a fortunate assistance to his labour, than any part of the intrinsic merit of the subject of his work. The life of Mrs. Robinson, a sketch of which we now present to our readers, was not wanting in such circumstances; but there are only two which we shall select, and which may reasonably be allowed to be objects of our predilection. Mrs. Robinson was collaterally descended from the ornament of our country, Mr. John Locke; and she had the felicity to receive the earliest and therefore the most important part of her education, from the justly celebrated Hannah More.

The family of Mrs. Robinson was respectable on the side of each of her parents. On the mo-

* See the Parnassian Garland in the present Number.

ther's side it was that she claimed relationship to Mr. Locke. Her father, Mr. Darby, who died in the naval service of Russia, in which he commanded a ship of 74 guns, was descended from an ancient Irish family. Her brother is an eminent merchant at Leghorn, in Italy. Mrs. Robinson was born in the Collège Green, Bristol. After receiving part of her education at Miss More's school, she was sent to a boarding-school near London. Her father lost a considerable fortune in some commercial speculation; and this probably occasioned her removal from his immediate care. Mr. Robinson, the younger brother of Commodore Robinson, late in the Right Hon. East India Company's service, who was serving his clerkship to an attorney in the metropolis, by some accident was introduced to Miss Darby; and, that he became violently enamoured of her, will not be surprising to those who have seen her even since calamity and disease had robbed her of part of her exquisite beauty. Miss Darby, with a loveliness of form and features that perhaps never was surpassed, possessed a lively humour and a sweetness of temper, that made her personal charms only a secondary object to sensibility.

When we consider the fine genius of Mrs. Robinson, and the literary excellence that she afterwards attained, under a thousand disadvantages, we may well pause at this eventful moment of her life; and may be allowed to lament her early, hasty, it may be called rash, marriage. She was only fifteen when she married Mr. Robinson. Very soon after, her husband, from some family disappointments, fell into a succession of embarrassments. Mr. Robinson's affairs having been partially propped by usurers, declined, from the very weight of that circumstance, into a worse condition; and he was at length imprisoned by one of his

creditors, who had been his school-fellow, and to this hour professes to be his friend. We should not touch on this fact, but for the share Mrs. Robinson took in her husband's misfortunes. She lived fifteen months with Mr. Robinson in a prison; the threshold of which she never passed but once or twice, when she visited the Duchess of Devonshire, who generously patronized an attempt Mrs. Robinson made with her pen, to relieve their wants in prison. In this melancholy situation, her muse made its earliest efforts, and she published a small volume of poems, which are now scarcely known, there being at the time, we believe, only a few copies printed for the persons who took them at the recommendation of her noble patroness. But an accumulation of difficulties induced Mrs. Robinson to think of something less temporary and casual, as a resource from absolute penury. She cast her eyes towards the stage, and, on receiving some encouragement from Mr. Garrick, she turned her thoughts more immediately to the subject. Under the patronage of the Duchess of Devonshire, she made her first appearance at Drury-Lane, on the 10th of December, 1776, in the character of Juliet; and, in the course of three following seasons, performed, with general applause, the characters of Lady Macbeth, Imogen, Rosalind, Cordelia, Ophelia, Viola, Palmira, the Irish Widow, Perdita (in *The Winter's Tale*), &c. &c.

In the character of Perdita, in the last of the two seasons during which she was on the stage, her uncommon beauty captivated the heart of the heir apparent of a throne. It is not for us to apologise for the engagements of Mrs. Robinson with that prince. The circumstances that would extenuate the error, whether of attraction in the rank and personal accomplishments of that illustrious personage, or of disgust in the indiscretions of a hus-

band, and the deserted state of the wife, or any thing beside that can be added to them, are not of weight to excuse the fault; while, on the other hand, they will not be overlooked in the estimate made by the most rigid, of this transaction. Mrs. Robinson herself, at leisure, repented of the offence; and we may close this part of her life by observing that, during the short period of her favour with the prince, which was little more than two years, Mrs. Robinson's house and table were distinguished for the talents even more than the rank of her visitors; and that she was less the object of envy in that delicate situation, than of universal esteem. The name of the great orator and statesman who stood between Mrs. Robinson and the Prince, when a provision for her was proposed by the latter, is in itself a proof in what honourable regard Mrs. Robinson was held; and the noble manner in which she cancelled a bond for 20,000*l.* from his highness, previous to that settlement, and even without any stipulation for an equivalent, will be witnessed by that great character ~~we~~ we have alluded to, now that his evidence in her behalf has ceased to be, what it was, one of the sources of her sincerest pleasures.

The prince settled 500*l.* per annum on Mrs. Robinson, for her life; and 200*l.* per annum on her daughter for life, to commence at the decease of Mrs. Robinson. This young lady, who is still living, is the daughter of Mr. Robinson; but the noble minded person already alluded to, who was in fact the sole arbiter of this matter, was quick to perceive what would be the helpless condition of Miss Robinson, if she should survive her mother, without provision from his highness, and it is to the honour of all the parties that this arrangement was adopted, but most of all to the arbiter with whom it originated.

Mrs. Robinson had passed through the sunshine of her worldly grandeur, with unrivalled praise for her beauty and manners. And, in truth, she was calculated to move in a higher sphere. She was endowed with a genius of the finest mould. It is true, her talents were, to that moment, little cultivated. But she possessed a rich and powerful imagination; a rectitude and vivacity of moral feeling; and an early acquired, or, as it is termed, a natural taste; that were the best of tutors for literary pursuits, and the surest of preparations for the enjoyment of intellectual and rational delights.

Besides the foregoing, Mrs. Robinson has written a beautiful poem; entitled *Ainsi va la Monde; a Monody to the memory of the late Queen of France; a Monody to the Memory of Sir Joshua Reynolds; Sappho and Phaon, in a series of legitimate sonnets; Modern Manners; Poems, in two volumes, 8vo.; the Sicilian Lover, a tragedy; Vancenza, a romance, 2 vols.; The Widow, a novel, 2 vols; Angelina, a novel, 3 vols.; Hubert de Sevrac, a romance of the present century; Walsingham, a novel, 4 vols.; The Natural Daughter, a novel, 2 vols.; The False Friend, a novel, 4 vols.* Several popular pamphlets, also, have proceeded from the pen of this lady, beside many small poems in the newspapers and other periodical publications, under the various signatures of *Laura Maria, Julia, Laura, Oberon, &c. &c.* and just before her death she published a volume of *Lyrical Tales*, of which it may justly be said, that the imagery and sentiment are poetical and just, the versification spirited and harmonious; and that some of them very pleasingly remind us of our most celebrated ancient poets. Her novels have been justly said to exhibit "great power of imagination, knowledge of human nature, acuteness of research, and skill in the delineation of character, as well as a vein of humour in describing

scenes of a whimsical and ludicrous kind, that can hardly be conceived to exist in the same mind.

Besides the annuity of 500*l.* Mrs. Robinson possessed jewels to the amount of 8000*l.* and, although the whole of her property, at this moment, was not adequate to splendid appearances, it was fully equal to ease and competence; especially when added to Mrs. Robinson's power of earning an income by literary labours, which have, in fact, since yielded her nearly as much as her annuity. But these happy powers, this happy disposition, and this fair prospect, were all partially blighted by an unfortunate attachment. The gentleman who was the object, without any thing grossly faulty in his character, and with a great deal that was excellent in his disposition, was, nevertheless, infinitely below Mrs. Robinson in understanding, and had no relish for any but the obvious pleasures of life. Mrs. Robinson's attachment was blind; and she plunged headlong into an expensive mode of living, in which he was the chief participator. We do not write the defence, but the story, of a most extraordinary woman, who, uniformly, we believe, paid the extreme forfeiture of all her mistakes. Yet, here we may be permitted to say, that the generosity of her temper a little sanctioned the folly we have just mentioned.—The person here alluded to had resolved to go abroad; and the immediate occasion of his resolution was the want of 800*l.* Mrs. Robinson had no property on which she could instantly raise the amount, and the affair admitted of no delay. She addressed a note to the person who had been arbiter of her fortune in the settlement made by the prince, to request the loan of 800*l.* Her messenger returned with 300*l.* and a note, saying, Mrs. Robinson might depend on receiving the remainder on the following morning. This was at night. Mrs. Ro-

binson had been at the opera; and the Duke de Biron, and an English nobleman of the highest rank had returned with her from that place to supper. Not having seen — at the opera, where he had promised to join her, nor finding him at her house, she sent to every quarter in search of him; and as no intelligence of him arrived, she concluded he had departed without having taken his leave, because she had insisted on going with him if he was driven to that extremity, which he had properly declined, having only 20*l.* at his command. With the passion and zeal of generous minds, Mrs. Robinson, between one and two o'clock in the morning, threw herself into a post-chaise to follow him, without sufficient precautions of dress against the cold, although it was the depth of winter, and the weather was very severe. She was agitated and heated by her apprehensions; and let down the glasses of the chaise; and in that situation fell asleep. At the first stage, she was obliged to be carried into the inn, almost frozen; and from that hour, never recovered the entire use of her limbs. For a long time the joints of her fingers were contracted; but they were afterwards partially restored, and she could even write with great facility. But from the time of that accident, she could never walk, nor even stand; and was always carried from one room to another, and to and from her carriage. Mrs. Robinson consoled herself with having effected the service she proposed by this unfortunate journey; and never once was known peevishly to lament the irreparable consequences.

Not long after this, Mrs. Robinson went abroad for the benefit of her health, and remained five years on the continent. She took with her her daughter, whom she tenderly loved; and her mother, to whom she was always most affectionate

and dutiful. And, solaced by the company of these persons, enjoying the pleasure of travelling in an agreeable manner through some of the finest parts of Europe, and at Paris, and every other place, treated with the most profound respect and consideration by persons most distinguished for rank or talents, Mrs. Robinson passed those five years with a calm and rational happiness, that, perhaps, made them the most fortunate period of her life.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

DESCRIPTION OF THE

TAURIQUE PALACE,

AND OF THE FETE WHICH PRINCE POTESKIN
GAVE THERE TO CATHARINE II.

[From Storch's Picture of Petersburg.]

THE Taurique palace was the place chosen by Prince Potemkin for the splendid entertainment which he gave his sovereign, and which was considered as a testimony of gratitude for the greatness to which she had raised him. After the death of this favourite, Catharine chose it for her autumnal residence.

The facade of this building is composed of an immense colonnade, supporting a cupola. The entrance is into a grand vestibule, communicating with the apartments on the right and left; and at the farther end is a portico, leading to a second vestibule of prodigious size, receiving light from the top, and surrounded at a great height by a gallery, intended for an orchestra, and containing an organ. From this a double row of pillars leads to the principal saloon, designed for grand entertainments. It is impossible to describe the impression made by this gigantic temple: it is more

than a hundred paces long, wide in proportion, and is surrounded by a double row of colossal pillars, between which, at mid-height, are boxes ornamented with festoons elegantly sculptured, and lined with silk. From the vaulted roof are suspended globes of glass, which serve as chandeliers, and from which the light is infinitely reflected by looking-glasses; placed at all the extremities of this vast hall. It has neither furniture, nor ornaments, except some vases of Carrara marble, astonishing for their size and the beauty of their workmanship, placed at both ends of the saloon, which are rounded into semicircles. Near this saloon is the winter garden, separated from it only by the colonnade. The vault of this vast edifice is supported by pilasters in the form of palm-trees; within the walls are tubes, to conduct heat round the building; and canals of metal, filled with hot water, keep up an uniform temperature under this delightful parterre.

The eye wanders with rapture over plants and shrubs of every clime, rests with admiration on an antique bust, or views with astonishment the various fishes of all hues in crystal vases. A transparent obelisk reproduces to the eye, under a thousand different tints, these wonders of art and nature; and a grotto, hung with looking-glasses, endlessly reflects them. The delicious temperature, the intoxicating odour of the flowers, and the voluptuous silence of this enchanting place, plunge the mind into a pleasing reverie, and transport the imagination to the woods of Italy. The illusion continues, till destroyed by the aspect of all the rudeness and severity of winter, when the enchanted eye wanders out of the windows, and beholds the frost and snow surrounding this magnificent garden. In the midst of this elysium rises the majestic statue of Catharine II. in Persian marble.

On this theatre of his grandeur, Potemkin arranged the preparations for the entertainment he gave his sovereign, before he departed for the southern provinces, where death awaited him. This favourite seemed to have a secret presage of his approaching end, and was desirous yet once more to enjoy all the plenitude of her favour.

The preparations for this entertainment were immense, like every thing to which his imagination gave birth. He employed artists of all kinds for several months: more than a hundred persons assembled daily, to prepare themselves for the parts he had destined them to act, and every rehearsal was a kind of feast.

At length the appointed day arrived to gratify the impatience of the whole capital. Besides the empress and imperial family, Prince Potemkin had invited all the court, the foreign ministers, the Russian nobility, and many individuals of the first ranks in society.

At six in the evening the entertainment was opened with a masked ball. When the carriage of the empress approached, meat, drink, and clothes, of all kinds were distributed in profusion among the assembled populace. The empress entered the vestibule to the sound of lively music, executed by upwards of three hundred performers. Thence she repaired to the principal saloon, whither she was followed by the crowd; and ascended a platform, raised for her in the centre of the saloon, and surrounded by transparent decorations, with appropriate inscriptions: The company arranged themselves under the colonnade, and in the boxes; and then commenced the second act of this extraordinary spectacle.

The grand dukes, Alexander and Constantine, at the head of the flower of all the young persons about the court, performed a ballet. The dancers,

male and female, were forty-eight in number, all dressed in white, with magnificent scarves, and covered with jewels, estimated to be worth above ten millions of rubles (a million sterling). The ballet was performed to select airs, suitable to the occasion, and interspersed with songs. The celebrated Lepic concluded it with a *pas* of his own composing.

The company then removed to another saloon, adorned with the richest tapestry the Gobelins could produce. In the centre was an artificial elephant, covered with rubies and emeralds; and in his cornac was a Persian richly clad. On his giving the signal, by striking on a bell, a curtain rose, and a magnificent stage appeared at the end of the apartment. On it were performed two ballets of a new kind, and a lively comedy, by which the company were much amused, concluded the spectacle. This was followed by chorus singing, various dances, and an Asiatic procession, remarkable for its diversity of dresses, all the people subject to the sceptre of the empress being represented in it.

Presently after, all the apartments, illuminated with the greatest care, were thrown open to the eager curiosity of the crowd. The whole palace seemed on fire: the garden was covered with sparkling stones; mirrors innumerable, pyramids, and globes of glass, reflected the magic spectacle in all directions. A table was spread with six hundred covers; and the rest of the guests were served standing. The table service was of gold and silver; the most exquisite dainties were served in vessels of the greatest richness; antique cups overflowed with the most costly liquors; and the most expensive chandeliers gave light to the table. Officers and domestics in great number, richly clothed, were eager to anticipate the wishes of the guests.

The empress, contrary to custom, remained till midnight. She seemed to fear her departure would check the happiness of her favourite. When she withdrew, numerous bands of singers, and harmonious music, made the vaulted roofs of the palace resound with a hymn to her honour. At this she was so moved, that she turned towards Prince Potemkin to express her satisfaction: he, overpowered by the sentiment of what he owed his sovereign, fell at her feet, took her hand, and watered it with tears. This was the last time it was in his power to testify his gratitude to the august author of his grandeur in this place.

ANECDOTE OF

GARRICK AND JOHNSON,

TENDING to clear from the character of Garrick that extreme parsimony which many people were once inclined to attach to him—related by the late Albany Wallis, Esq. of Norfolk-street, who was the solicitor and intimate friend of Mr. Garrick.

The conversation happening to turn on the subject of playing, Mr. Garrick was of course brought on the tapis, and, after a discussion of his theatrical merits, his private character became also a matter of investigation; when, on the writer's bringing forward the charge of parsimony, it was immediately answered by Mr. Wallis, with a relation nearly in the following words:—

“ I can attest, sir, that your suggestion is unfounded; Mr. Garrick, 'tis true, was no more a fool in charity than in other matters, he knew where and how to bestow his liberality.” Mr. Wallis then continued to relate as follows:—

"Mr. Garrick came to me one morning in a violent hurry, and, without even his usual salutation, abruptly exclaimed—"My dear friend, the Doctor is in want, you must instantly do me a favour; come, come, put on your hat, and without delay go to Dr. Johnson's lodgings, and present him with these bank-notes, but on your life do not mention from whom you had them." The amount, Mr. Wallis remarked, was by no means inconsiderable.

"In compliance with his request," continued Mr. Wallis, "I instantly waited on the Doctor, and being announced, was ushered into his apartment; having prefaced my errand with as much delicacy as possible, I presented the notes, which the Doctor received with much agitation, and after a few moments, wiping away the tears that involuntarily rose in his eyes, he pressed my hand between his with energy, exclaiming, 'Mr. Wallis, I know from whence this comes; tell Mr. Garrick that his kindness is almost too much for me: tell him also, that I shall never be enabled to repay this, much less what I have before received at his hands.' A few months after this donation the Doctor died."

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE CELEBRATED
MOZART.

For the following account of the singular talents of the celebrated performer, Mozart, the public are indebted to that eminent musician, Mr. John Ashley, who thus prefaces the interesting memoir—

SO little is the merit or the history of this most extraordinary character known in this country, that I have been induced by a sense of duty, as well as gratitude to a generous public, to compile a short sketch of his life, partly from German biographers and periodical publications, and partly from the information of those who were personally acquainted with him. Should it afford the smallest entertainment to that public, I shall be amply gratified.

I have the honour to be,
With the deepest sense of past favours,
Its devoted humble servant,

Feb. 20, 1801.

JOHN ASHLEY.

Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent. —

VIRGIL'S ÆNEID, 6, line 869.

MOZART was born at Salsburg, in 1756—his father was a musician of considerable merit; and observed at a very early age, an extraordinary love of harmony in his son. For when only three years of age, he would sit and listen to his sister, as she practised on the harpsichord, with great attention, for a length of time. When she left it, he would endeavour to find out the chords, and would express the greatest joy at his success. He soon ac-

quired a variety of airs, and performed them in so charming a style, that his father began to form the most agreeable expectations of his future celebrity.

Before he reached his sixth year, he had composed several sonatas for the harpsichord, although it is said he was unable to commit them to paper; which deficiency was supplied by his father. Morning, noon, and night, found him at his harpsichord, or occasionally at the violin, on which, though self-taught, he made no mean progress. All his soul seemed absorbed in this delightful study. The toys and playthings which please most children, had no attraction for him. Music only had charms for his wonderful imagination—and he pressed forward to the perfection of his art, not by gradual advances, but as it were by the velocity of intuition.

In the year 1762, when only six years old, he performed a concerto before the elector at Munich, which astonished the whole court. From hence his father carried him to Vienna, when he played before the emperor, who, willing to try the child's abilities further, hinted that he could not play so well, if he did not constantly look at his fingers. The little fellow, fired at the insinuation, requested the keys might be concealed from his sight, and exerted himself with increased effect. In short, his execution and music appeared so wonderful, that his Imperial Majesty was beyond measure delighted, and bestowed on him an appellation of *the little Sorcerer*. In 1763 he visited Paris, where he performed before the court, and was thought greater on the organ than on the harpsichord. Here his father, sister, and himself, gave two concerts with so much reputation, that their portraits were painted, engraved, and eagerly sought after; and here also he first published some of his earliest compositions.

London, the centre of liberal patronage, next heard his amazing powers, where he and his sister performed to the most fashionable audiences. His present majesty is said to have been his auditor, when a *bass* was given him as a *ground*, upon which he *immediately* raised a most exquisite melody.

From London, where he published six lessons for the harpsichord, he passed into Holland and France, and from thence to his native place. After a year spent in study, and in the examination of the compositions of Emanuel Bach, Handel, and the old Italian masters, he paid a second visit to Vienna in 1768: when he composed, at the express desire of Joseph II. his first comic opera *La Finta Semplice*, which gained the unqualified applause of the best judges—about this time also he composed the music for the consecration of the church of orphans, which he himself conducted.

In 1769, Mozart returned to Salzburg, where he was appointed *Maitre de Concert*. Some time after, he set off for Italy, the school of taste and enthusiasm. Bologna admired and applauded genius so unrivalled—and Florence extolled him to the skies. At Rome he wished to have taken a copy of the celebrated *Miserere* from the Pope's chapel, but this being refused, he examined it with a quick eye, and afterwards in his chamber wrote out the whole of the numerous parts from memory only!

The Pope bestowed on him the order of the *Guilt Spur*, and Bologna complimented him with the title of *Member and Master of the Phil-harmonic Academy*. The probationary exercise for which honour, a fugue for four voices, he wrote in half an hour. He afterwards visited Naples. He generally wore a fine diamond ring when he performed in public. Some of the Neapolitan ladies observed to

him,
and t
literal
ment,
convi
rivalle
Rome
ble c
A
which
Salzb
to P
1773
carni
of ag
of B
the
enou
trious
H
soon
rapid
yon
and
gina
was
siti
We
nius
tha
pie
T
at t
to a
stan
voc
ver
gre

him, that his music must be the effect of magic, and that it lay in his ring. Taking that in the literal sense which was meant only as a compliment, he immediately took off his ring, and soon convinced that the magic lay only in his own unrivalled genius. In passing, on his return through Rome, the Pope presented him with a very valuable crucifix.

At Milan he composed his opera of *Mitbridates*, which was much admired, and again went back to Salzburg. In 1771 he made a second excursion to Paris, where, however, his stay was short. In 1773 he composed *Lucio Sulla*, by request, for the carnival. In 1781, being now twenty-five years of age he composed, at the desire of the Elector of Bavaria, the celebrated opera of *Idomeneo*, for the carnival of that year also, which has merit enough in itself to have rendered the author illustrious.

He was now invited to Vienna, where his merit soon outshone the most brilliant of his rivals. The rapidity of his exquisite taste and feeling, were beyond all praise. His compositions were circulated far and wide, and every where astonished by their originality, expression, and energy. His next work was *l'Enlèvement du Serail*. During the composition of this opera, he married Mademoiselle Weber, a lady of great musical talents and genius: and to this circumstance has been attributed that peculiar tone of tender passion, for which this piece is so remarkable.

The story of the *Marriage of Figaro*, which filled at this time most of the theatres, was converted into an opera, and composed by Mozart, at the instance of the emperor; the songs of which were vociferated in the streets, the gardens, and the taverns, and it was performed at Prague during the greatest part of the winter. Here the manager of

the theatre agreed with him for the composition of *Don Giovanni*, one of the most astonishing efforts of science and imagination, fire and feeling. The overture to which, after having been from home till midnight, he composed in his chamber in a few hours, the very night before the first performance of that opera. Yet all this fame did not better his circumstances, and although he might possibly be said not to have been badly paid, yet his style of living was necessarily so attended with expence, that he had determined on another tour to London, where every useful and elegant art is more liberally encouraged under the auspices of a beloved monarch, than in any other part of the world. Unfortunately for Englishmen, the emperor gave him the appointment of *Compositeur de la Chambre*, which, small as was the salary, secured to Germany the regular honour of retaining him.

It is lamentable, observes one of his biographers, that premature genius too rarely enjoys a long career. The acceleration of nature in the mental powers, seems to hurry the progress of the animal economy, and to anticipate the regular close of temporal existence.

The health of Mozart began rapidly to decline. However he was not idle; for in the few last months of his life he composed those three great works, *The Enchanted Flute*, *the Clemency of Titus*, and *The Requiem*. Some have called these his *chef d'œuvres*. Nothing ever had a greater run than the first of these. It was performed at Vienna one hundred nights in less than twelve months, and on the hundredth night the theatre overflowed as much as on the first. The second was composed at the desire of the Bohemian states, for the coronation of Leopold. It was begun in his carriage on the road to Prague, and finished in eighteen days. The history of the last is singular.

A stranger called on him and requested he would compose, as speedily as possible, a requiem for a catholic prince, in order to sooth his mind, and to prepare it for his approaching dissolution. Mozart demanded 200 ducats, and the stranger, in order to promote dispatch, deposited 400. The composer began the work, in the progress of which he felt his mind unusually raised and agitated. He employed not only the day, but much of the night in the composition of it, with which he seemed to be infatuated. He told his wife he was composing it for himself, and she prevailed upon him to give her the score, and endeavour to cheer his spirits. Upon his appearing more tranquil, she returned it, but he soon relapsed into despondency; and having finished it on the day of his death, he again reminded her that he had previously informed her it would be composed for himself.

The only complaint he suffered during his illness, was his being obliged to quit life when in a situation to provide for his family, and at liberty to follow the dictates of his genius and the impulses of his heart, unrestrained by mercenary considerations.

In the year 1791, and in the 35th year of his age, just after he had received the appointment of Maestro di Capella, in the church of St. Peter, he departed this life; leaving the world to admire the brilliancy of his powers, and to lament the shortness of the period allotted to their display.

With respect to his person, he was small of stature, and his air, when not at the piano-forte, that of an absent man. But his eyes were full of fire, and when he was performing, his whole figure became agitated, his countenance changed, and his sentiments were expressed in every motion of his muscles. His knowledge was not confined to music only; he was master of several languages, and

considerably skilled in mathematics. He was frank, mild, and generous; free from pedantry, and always just to the talents of others; and if he wished for praise, it was only for the praise of those who were qualified to bestow it.

At the time of his death, he was considerably involved in debt; but to the credit of Prague and Vienna, these cities disputed the honour of providing for his widow and children.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON LOQUACITY.

A PROPENSITY to talkativeness is, in some men, uncontrollable; on every occasion, and on every subject, they will advance their opinions, notwithstanding it may be at times unseasonable, and perhaps often misconceived.

To engross *the whole* of conversation is generally admitted to be a deviation from the rules of politeness; it therefore consequently follows, that no man of this character can be a pleasing companion. The soul of conversation is rejoinder; and every judicious man will never be tedious in delivering his sentiments; and the modest man with a little discernment, will always look at the countenances of the company to discover what sensations his opinions excite. This would operate to check that disgusting garrulity to which many persons of respectability and fortune are addicted. This fault appears to arise from vanity and inconsiderateness—for he surely must be a vain man, who, by not permitting conversation to be general, imagines that he can entertain for some hours, a whole company.—Even admitting him to be extensively informed, allow him genius, wit, good-

nature, &c.—yet without judgment he cannot be an agreeable associate. For *once* he may shine, and please, but it is of short duration.—Eternal sunshine would not perpetually please; gloom and shade render its brilliancy delightful; by continual enjoyment the most exquisite delicacies prove tasteless, and even unpleasant; for balsams by excess may be as pernicious as poisons.—In whatever light we view *loquacity*, folly appears the predominant figure on the canvass—while in the back ground are seen, sneering satire, growling censure, restless petulance, grinning ridicule, and frowning contempt. Who, possessed of one grain of common sense, would subject themselves to the painful reprobation of these tormentors of human life?

Some men there are, who fondly conceive they possess such fascinating powers of conversation, that every one listens with silent admiration, and that they are invited for the especial purpose of entertaining the assembly, by retailing of anecdotes twenty times repeated, by elaborate narrations, and laboured eloquence. They think that the highest proof a man can exhibit of talent, is to talk much in elegant language—without considering, that sometimes by its elevation, it might prove neither beneficial nor amusing.

Surely those persons must be very unacquainted with the world, and perfectly inexperienced in the knowledge of what gives energy to conversation, the most agreeable of which are (as before stated), reply and repartee. A few sentences, sensibly delivered on any common subject, are quite sufficient; a reply follows judiciously concise, perhaps from the man of wit and humour;—pleasure sparkles then in every eye; smiles of approbation and delight are discovered on every countenance; and each gives and receives improvement and gratification.

Another evil attached to this disposition of loquacity, partakes of the nature of calumny.—By indulging in what is termed pleasantry, they often sketch with the pencil of sarcasm the features of their friends, and every foible is dragged to view to raise a momentary laugh, or gratify the lust of vanity. When you expostulate with such a character, he generally replies—"I meant no harm. I respect you. I had no intention to defame your character, or wound your feelings." But what is the result? Can he recall his satire? Can he paint over the portrait, and hide those features which excited ridicule, and, perhaps, contempt?—Alas! it is not in his power. Satire fixes an indelible stain on the character. The memory appears fonder of recollecting the foibles, than the virtues of men, and, whether from habit, or natural depravity, the tales of vice are more perfectly remembered than the aphorisms of the philosophers, or the precepts of religion.

Viewing it on the most favourable side, it frequently involves a man in serious disputes on the most trivial occasions. Were not loquacious men in general very confident and thoughtless, reflection would often spread their cheeks with the burning blushes of shame, and the sting of self-reproach would pierce their hearts for their presumption and folly.

There are seasons, it must be acknowledged, when these rigid laws may be violated with propriety and advantage. To break the solemn silence of reserve, the whimsicalities of a sportive fancy, may produce the effect desired. An interchange of sentiment may be excited, and the pleasure resulting from social intercourse perfectly enjoyed. Some men, like gems, require the process of attrition, to shew their worth and brilliancy; to those the mechanical motion of the tongue of

loquacity may be of singular utility. Disgusted, perhaps, with unprofitable prattle, or stimulated to reply by some severity, they soon discover the amiable virtues of their hearts, and the strength and beauty of their minds.—If then *loquacity* would be silent and abashed, good sense and reason would triumph; but such men, neither admonition nor persuasion, neither reproof nor praise, neither defeat nor victory, can induce to restrain their disposition. To fetter their tongues would be severe torture, and were the legislative power to impose silence on persons of this description, it would be considered the most extreme punishment, the most tyrannical interdiction.

Mr. *Loquax*, by an indulgence in this particular habit, though a man of virtue, some information, and talent, often renders himself ridiculous and unpleasant. Destitute of judgment, he gives the reins to his tongue,—on all subjects, whether competent or not, he must speak,—not content with giving an opinion, he permits the most irrelevant ideas, that are jumbled together in his mind, freely to obtrude themselves.—Unacquainted with systems, without a perfect knowledge of any science, possessed only of miscellaneous intelligence, yet has a tolerable share of memory. Thus, as he thinks so he speaks, on every topic advanced, but like the mercenary troops of an enemy, his endowments seldom co-operate with each other—they do not support with energy the common cause, and every new accession of idea, for want of judgment, are like undisciplined recruits; they exhibit an appearance of power, without being formidable. Such is *Loquax*, a man, from his situation and age, entitled to respect, and were he possessed of discretion, would, doubtlessly, impart to every society pleasure, and be received as a welcome and respectable guest.

It appears, therefore, an *indispensable duty* on all heads of families, tutors, and friends, to inculcate modesty in the younger branches of society—teaching them, above all things, to love TRUTH. Satirical conceptions let them reject altogether, as pestilential to friendship and harmony, and let them repress a fulsome, unprofitable, and injudicious propensity to LOQUACITY.

Jan. 14, 1801.

J. S.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XLIX.]

THE GARDEN.

BY WILLIAM COWPER, ESQ.

The *Garden*, with its many cares,
 All well repaid, demands him—he attends
 The welcome call—conscious how much the hand
 Of lubbard labour needs his watchful eye,
 Oft loitering lazily if not seen,
 Or misapplying his unskilful strength.

COWPER.

THE title of this *third* book of the TASK, indicates its contents, and boasts of a beautiful variety. In a garden, it is presumed, the poet passed much of his time—the scenes there presented to the eye, were in unison with the benevolence and sensibility of his heart. He, however, indulges himself in that wholesome satire on the vices and follies of men, which he reprobates with a masterly severity. He also lays open a few traits of his own history—an interesting melancholy characterises his retirement.

This his *history* we have in the following singular lines:—

I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
 Long since, with many an arrow deep fixt in
 My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew
 To seek a tranquil death in distant shades,
 There was I found by one, who had himself
 Been hurt by the archers. In his sides he bore,
 And in his hands and feet, the cruel scars.
 With gentle force soliciting the darts,
 He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me live.
 Since then, with few associates, in remote
 And silent woods I wander, far from those
 My former partners of the peopled scene:
 With few associates, and not wishing more.
 Here much I ruminate, as much I may,
 With other views of men and manners now
 Than once, and others of a life to come!

He then animadverts on the indifference with
 which religion is treated by the generality of man-
 kind—and forms this admirable apology for the
 concern which he himself had expressed :—

'Twere well, says one, sage erudite profound,
 Terribly arch'd and aquiline his nose,
 And over-built with most impending brows,
 'Twere well, could you permit the world to live
 As the world pleases. What's the world to you?
 Much. I was born of woman, and drew milk
 As sweet as charity from human breasts.
 I think, articulate, I laugh and weep,
 And exercise all functions of a man.
 How then should I, and any man that lives,
 Be strangers to each other? Pierce my vein,
 Take of the crimson stream meandering there,
 And catechise it well; apply thy glass,
 Search it, and prove now if it be not blood
 Congenial with thine own: and if it be,
 What edge of subtlety canst thou suppose
 Keen enough, wise and skilful as thou art,
 To cut the link of brotherhood, by which
 One common Maker bound me to the friend?
 True; I am no proficient, I confess,

In arts like your's. I cannot call the swift
 And perilous lightnings from the angry clouds,
 And bid them hide themselves in earth beneath:
 I cannot analyze the air, nor catch
 The parallax of yonder luminous point,
 That seems half-quench'd in the immense abyss.
 Such pow'rs I boast not---neither can I rest
 A silent witness of the headlong rage,
 Or heedless folly, by which thousands die,
 Bone of my bone, and kindred souls to mine!

The poet, in a few pages afterwards, speaks of
 the union of learning and piety in former days—
 the compliments here passed on Newton, Milton,
 and Hale, possess equal truth and beauty—

——Philosophy baptiz'd,
 In the pure fountain of eternal love,
 Has eyes indeed, and viewing all she sees
 As meant to indicate a God to man,
 Gives *him* his praise, and forfeits not her own.
 Learning has borne such fruit in other days
 On all her branches---piety has found
 Friends in the friends of science, and true pray'r
 Has flow'd from lips wet with castalian dew.
 Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
 Sagacious reader of the works of God,
 And in his word sagacious. Such, too, thine
 Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
 And fed on manna! And such thine, in whom
 Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
 Immortal Hale! for deep discernment prais'd,
 And sound integrity, not more than fam'd
 For sanctity of manners undefil'd.

In this retirement, it appears that Mr. C. had an
hare, which he thus mentions, after having con-
 demned the savage pleasures of the chace:

Well, one at least is safe. One shelter'd *hare*
 Has never heard the sanguinary yell
 Of cruel man, exulting in her woes.
 Innocent partner of my peaceful home,

Whom ten long years experience of my care,
 Has made at least familiar; she has lost
 Much of her vigilant instinctive dread,
 Not needful here beneath a roof like mine.
 Yes---thou mayst eat thy bread, and lick the hand
 That feeds thee; thou mayst frolic on the floor,
 At evening, and at night retire secure
 To thy straw couch, and slumber unalarm'd;
 For I have gain'd thy confidence, have pledg'd
 All that is human in me to protect
 Thine unsuspecting gratitude and love.
 If I survive thee, I will dig thy grave;
 And when I place thee in it, sighing say,
 I knew at least *one hare* that had a FRIEND!

There is a sweetness in this sketch of his *favourite hare*, which the reader of sensibility will feel—it is honourable to the poet's humanity. Indeed all his writings are of this cast—and this amiable trait is deserving of particular commendation. The muse of Cowper is, on no occasion, boisterous and overbearing—whilst, indeed, it lashes the vices and follies of man, it breathes a child-like tenderness towards every living thing capable of receiving felicity.

The Cabinet of Mirth.

"Here let the jest and mirthful tale go round."

A FARMER, not accustomed to large dealings, in the county of Chester, lately brought to Stockport market a quantity of oatmeal to sell, and an article which forms a great part of the subsistence of the lower orders of society in that neighbourhood, soon found a purchaser. It being usual for the middle-man, as he is called, to pay in a good bill of two months, the bargain being struck,

and the bill produced, the farmer instantly raised an objection to take such a piece of paper for money, but an appeal to custom soon decided against him. However, not being perfectly satisfied, he applied to a shopkeeper to have it put into cash, and was told it might be done for ten shillings, which he at length agreed to give, but was again astonished to find the cash was likewise composed of paper, commonly called *young Newlands*. An appeal a second time to custom obliged him to submit; but still unwilling to be disappointed, he applied to another person to know if he could get these scraps of paper put into King GEORGE'S guineas, and was told, that by paying two-pence each for them that it might be done. A third bargain was struck at the expence of eight shillings and four-pence; but just before he left the town, it came into his head that some of these guineas might be light, and that possibly they might not do so well for hoarding, he therefore had them tried in a balance, and, unfortunately for him, *twenty-three* were found wanting. Here it was in vain urged by his friends that *custom* had rendered the weighing of gold quite useless in that neighbourhood, and he positively gave eleven shillings and sixpence in exchange for twenty-three that were full weight, and went home after all these deductions with more than *four times* the sum the same quantity of that article would have produced to him two years ago.



A young clergyman, of great modesty, preaching before Charles II. took for his text the 13th verse of the 139th Psalm—"I am fearfully and wonderfully made." Apprehension, rather than the warmth of the weather, having caused him to perspire, he had, just before naming the text,

wiped his face with one of his hands, on which was a new black glove, and the consequence may easily be imagined. The Duke of Buckingham, one of his audience, on comparing the words of the text with the figure of the preacher, was seized with a fit of laughter, in which he was joined by Sir Henry Bennet, and several of the courtiers, nor was the king, who loved a jest, to the great discomfiture of the preacher, able to resist the contagion.



Dr. Resbury, a divine in the same reign, while walking in the streets of Windsor, observed a person pass him, and turn frequently, to consider him with attention. Offended at length by an observation so pointed, he roughly reprov'd the stranger for his impertinence, who bowing, and civilly asking pardon, informed the Doctor, that he was a painter, and was then engaged in designing a picture of Nathan reprov'ing David, and never had he seen a face so reprov'ing as that of his reverend antagonist. The Doctor, enraged, used still harsher language. "It is enough, sir," replied the artist, "I have got as much as I desire, and am greatly indebted to you"—saying which, he coolly walked away.



Mr. Maundy, of Canterbury, Dr. Radcliffe, and Dr. Case, spending an evening together, were very jovial. "Here, brother Case," says Dr. Radcliffe, is a health to all the fools, your patients." "I thank you, good brother," replied Case, "let me have all the fools, and you are heartily welcome to the rest of the practice."

Gregorio Leti, a native of Milan, came into England in the reign of Charles II. and received a promise of being made historiographer to the king, but, not giving satisfaction, had orders to retire. Being one day at the levee, Charles, turning towards him, said, "Leti, I hear you are writing the history of the English Court?" "Sire," replied Leti, "I have been for some time preparing materials for such a history."—"Take care," retorted the king, "that your work give no offence." "I will do what I can, sire, but if a man were as wise as Solomon, he would scarce be able to avoid giving offence to *some*." "Why then," rejoined the monarch, "be as wise as Solomon; write proverbs, but no histories."



AN EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF THE FLEXIBILITY OF THE HUMAN FRAME.

Joseph Clark, a well-made man, and rather stout, exhibited, in the most natural manner, every species of deformity and dislocation to which the human form is liable. He frequently diverted himself with the taylor, who came to measure him for cloaths, by changing his posture, and apparently his shape, when the cloaths were brought home. He could dislocate the vertebræ of his back, and other parts of his body, and resume their proper form, at his pleasure. He once presented himself, in this situation, as a patient, before Molins, a famous surgeon, who, shocked at his appearance, refused to attempt the cure. He often passed for a cripple with persons, who but a few minutes before had been conversing with him. Upon these occasions he would not only change the position of his limbs; but alter his features and countenance. He could assume all the professional, characteristic, and singular faces which he had observed at

the the
place of
postur
of the

EXAM

In
height
spring
have
dream
The
incur
and n
house
used
Glas
ing o
ter w
work
culor
after
was
the c
hous
the
spring
the
infi
Th
disc

V
cou
his

the theatre, at the Quakers-meeting, or any other place of public resort. He was* by profession a posture master, and died about the commencement of the reign of King William.



EXAMPLE OF THE POWER OF IMAGINATION OVER THE BODY.

In 1751 the waters of Glastonbury were at the height of their reputation. The virtues of the spring were supposed to be supernatural, and to have been discovered by a revelation made in a dream to a person named Matthew Chancellor. The credulous expected, not merely to be cured of incurable distempers, but to recover lost faculties and mutilated limbs. An old woman, in the workhouse at Yeovil, who had long been a cripple, and used crutches, was strongly tempted to drink of Glastonbury waters, with a firm persuasion of being cured of her lameness. Several bottles of water were procured for her by the master of the workhouse, and such was the effect of the miraculous draught, that first one crutch, and, soon after, the other, was laid aside. The wonder was extolled, the fame of the miracle spread, when the cheat was discovered. The master of the workhouse protested to his friends, that he had fetched the water from an ordinary (and neighbouring) spring. It need scarcely be added, the force of the woman's imagination had exhausted itself, her infirmity returned, and the crutches were resumed. This story may afford an admonition to the modern disciples of mineral magnetism.



When the Earl of Stair was ambassador at the court of France, immediately after the accession of his late majesty to the crown, his excellency made

a most splendid appearance, and being naturally inclined to gallantry and expence, soon became a great favourite with the ladies there, by whose intrigues he was enabled to discover secrets which otherwise might have escaped the penetration of the most vigilant and sagacious minister. In the management of the ladies, whose favour he courted, he was forced to observe the greatest delicacy; play, he perceived, was their predominant passion, and as he was equally inclined to that amusement, he easily obtained, by means of cards, many private amusements, in which he could not have indulged on any other pretence. The Dutchess of Maine was one of those illustrious personages whom the earl took most pains to engage in his interest. She was passionately fond of play; of an inquisitive and busy temper; of vast capacity, and of a discernment so quick, that it was no easy matter to impose upon her; she was among the number of ladies too that affected to pry into the affairs of the cabinet, and who had gained an ascendancy over the then regent, so far as not to be altogether ignorant of the most secret transactions of state. His excellency, by losing large sums with this lady, and paying her the most particular respect, had insensibly worked upon her affections, but had not reaped the least advantage from her in point of politics, till an accident happened that brought about in an instant what he had long laboured at in vain. Being engaged as her partner in play, the run of luck turned against them, and the dutchess in the end was obliged to borrow of the earl a thousand pistoles. His excellency told her, he had yet twice that sum at her highness's service, and pressed her to continue to play, which she absolutely refused. Next morning early, she sent a message to the earl, desiring instantly to speak

with him. It is no unusual thing in France for ladies to receive morning visits from gentlemen in bed; neither was the ambassador at all surprized when he found himself alone in the chamber of one of the princesses of the blood-royal; she spoke of the money she had borrowed with some concern, as a matter she was very unwilling should take air; but his lordship interrupted her, by saying, "it was impossible it should, for he had already forgot it himself, and should never have recollected it again, had not her highness put his memory to the rack by refreshing it."

Her highness made no reply, but entered into a discourse on politics, in which she discovered to him the project that the court of Sweden was then meditating, in concert with France, for a descent upon England and Scotland, in favour of the house of Stewart, by which timely discovery the whole scheme was defeated, and his excellency acquired the reputation of being an able and active minister.



There is a passage in Bede, highly commending the piety and learning of the Irish in that age; but he overthrows all his praise in his termination of their character, in which he seems to imply, that all this piety and learning will be of no avail, *because they keep their Easter at a wrong time of the year.*



Epitome of Natural History.

No. III.

THE DOG.

AS much may very justly be expected from us on the varied species of the canine race, it will be necessary to occupy a portion of our work in two or three succeeding numbers, on this particular subject.

The distinctive characters of this genus of the quadruped race are, six cutting teeth, and two *canine*, in each jaw; a long visage, five toes before, and four behind; this last characteristic is invariable in the wild species, such as the wolf, &c. in the common dogs, oft times there are five toes on each foot. The first species, with its varieties, contains all those animals which, in common conversation, we distinguish by the name of dogs. This species Mr. Pennant has marked with

the well-merited epithet *faithful*. But before we proceed further, we shall lay before our readers an illustration of the annexed engraving on wood, of the

GREY-HOUND,

Which is, by far, the swiftest of all dogs, and pursues his game by the sight, not by the scent. Formerly it was penal by the law of the land for any person, below the degree of a gentleman, to keep an animal of this kind. There are several varieties, such as the Italian greyhound, the Oriental greyhound, &c.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

LINNÆUS, that great naturalist, and accurate observer, was the first who remarked that the tail of this animal bends towards the left; a character common to the whole species, in all its varieties.

It is to this species we are to apply all the fine things that have ever been said or written about dogs. As their history has been delineated with all that fidelity, precision, and elegant conciseness which render the writings of Linnæus an inestimable treasure, we shall avail ourselves of his description. "The dog, the most faithful of animals, the companion of mankind, fawns at the approach of his master, and will not suffer any one to strike him; runs before him in a journey, passing frequently backward and forward over the same ground. On coming to cross-ways, he stops and looks back; is very docile; will find out what has been dropt; is watchful by night; announces the coming of strangers, and guards any goods committed to his charge: he drives the cattle home from the field; keeps herds and flocks within bounds, and protects them from wild beasts. By virtue of his acute sense of smelling, he points out

the game to the sportsman, and brings the birds that are shot to his master. At Brussels, and in Holland, he draws little carts to the herb market: in Siberia, he draws a sledge, with his master in it, or one loaded with provisions; he will turn a spit; sits up, and begs at table; when he has committed a theft, he slinks away with his tail between his legs; eats enviously with oblique eyes; strives to be master among his fellows at home; is an enemy to beggars, and attacks strangers without provocation: he is fond of licking wounds, assuages the pain of the gout, and of cancerous ulcers; howls at certain notes in music, and often urines on hearing them: he bites at a stone flung at him; is sick at the approach of bad weather; gives himself a vomit, by eating grass; is afflicted with tape worm; spreads his madness; grows deaf and blind with age: he eats flesh, carrion and farinaceous vegetables, but not greens; drinks by lapping, is fond of rolling on carrion, sheep's dung, &c.; his scent is exquisite: he goes obliquely, foams and hangs out his tongue when hot, but scarcely ever sweats; about to lie down, he often goes round; his sleep is attended with a quick sense of hearing; and during sleep he frequently dreams. The female goes sixty-three days with young, brings forth from four to ten; the males like the dog, the females like herself*; the largest and tallest are more prolific than the smaller kinds: though driven as unclean from the houses of the Mahometans, yet the same peo-

*The similarity of the offspring to the male or female according to their sex, rests solely on the authority of Linnæus; but if fact and observation are against it, even that great name will not support the opinion.

ple establish hospitals for dogs, and allow them a daily portion of food."

No less just and elegant, though more diffuse, is the following extract from Buffon.

"The dog, independent of the beauty of his figure, his strength, vivacity, and nimbleness, possesses every internal excellence which in a brute can attract the regard of man. A passionate, and even a ferocious and sanguinary temper, renders the wild dog formidable to all animals; but in the domestic dog, these hostile dispositions vanish, and are succeeded by the softer sentiments of attachment, and the desire of pleasing; he runs with cheerfulness and alacrity to his master's foot, where he lays down his courage, his strength, and his talents: he attends for orders, which he is always solicitous to execute: he consults, he interrogates, he supplicates his master; a single glance of the eye is sufficient, for he knows the external signs of our intentions and wishes: his feelings are extremely delicate, and he has more fidelity and steadiness in his affections than man: he is not corrupted by ambition, rarely by interested views, or by a desire of revenge; and he has no fear but that of displeasing: he is all zeal, ardour, and obedience; more apt to recall benefits than outrages: he is not discouraged by blows or bad treatment, but calmly suffers, and soon forgets them; or he remembers them only to increase his attachment: instead of flying, or discovering marks of resentment, he exposes himself to torture, and licks the hand from which he received the blow; to the cruelty of his master, he only opposes complaint, patience, and submission: surely the master must be void of humanity that can abuse such a servant. Equally furious against thieves as against rapacious

animals, he attacks and wounds them, and forces from them whatever they have been attempting to carry off: but, contented with victory, he lies down upon the spoil, and will not touch it even to satisfy his appetite, exhibiting at the same time, an example of courage, temperance, and fidelity: he reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of the shepherd; safety, order, and discipline, are the fruits of his vigilance and activity; sheep and cattle are a people subjected to his management, whom he prudently conducts and protects, and never employs force against them, but for the preservation of peace and good order.

“ But in war against his enemies, or wild animals, he makes a full display of his courage and intelligence; he shares with his master the pleasures and fatigue of the chase; here too his natural and acquired talents are united and exerted; by the acuteness of his scent, he unravels all the windings of the labyrinth, all the false routes which were intended to deceive him; and instead of abandoning the object of his pursuit for a different animal, he redoubles his ardour, he overtakes, attacks, slays, and extinguishes his thirst and his rage in the blood of the victim.

“ The lion and the tiger, whose strength is so great as to ensure them victory, hunt alone, and without artifice. Wolves, foxes, and wild dogs, hunt in packs, assist each other with art, and mutually share in the prey. When the natural talents of the dog have been improved by education; when he has learned to repress his ardour, and to regulate his movements, he then hunts artificially, and is almost always certain of success.

“ The predominant attachment of the whole race of dogs towards mankind, prevents these animals from separating themselves from us, till deserted, or, by some accident, left in places where

there was no possibility of reunion: as before observed, it seems beyond the power of ill usage to subdue the faithful and constant qualities inherent in them. They are found in great numbers wild, or rather without masters, in Congo, Lower Æthiopia, and towards the Cape of Good Hope. Those are red-haired; have slender bodies and turned up tails like greyhounds; others resemble hounds, and are of various colours, have erect ears, and are of the size of a large fox hound: they run very swiftly, destroy cattle, hunt down antelopes, as our dogs do the stag, and are very destructive to the animals of chase: they have no certain residence, and are very seldom killed, being so crafty as to shun all traps; and of so sagacious noses as to shun every thing that has been touched by man: they go in great packs; attack lions, tigers, and elephants, but are often killed by them: the sight of these dogs is pleasing to travellers, who suppose that they have conquered the wild beasts, and rendered their journey secure, by driving them away: they sometimes attack the sheep of the Hottentots, and commit great ravages among them. There are also multitudes of wild dogs in South America, derived from those carried over, and left there, by the European discoverers of that continent: they breed in holes like rabbit-holes: when found young, they instantly attach themselves to mankind, and will never afterwards join the wild dogs, or desert their masters: they have not forgot to bark, as some have alledged: they have the look of a greyhound: their ears stand erect: they are very vigilant, and excellent in the chase."

The dog was quite unknown in America, before it was introduced there by the Europeans. The *alco* of the Peruvians, a little animal which they were so fond of, and kept as a lap dog, is too slightly mentioned by Acosta, for us to determine

what it was. But it is certain that the dog of North America, or rather the substitute the natives had for a dog, on its discovery by the English, was derived from the wolf, tamed and domesticated; these substitutes cannot bark, but betray their savage descent by a sort of howl: that wolfish breed want the sagacity of a true dog, and are detested by European dogs, who worry them on all occasions, retaining still that dislike, which it is well known all dogs have to the wolf: they are commonly white, have sharp noses and upright ears.

The dog is subject to more varieties than any other animal. While a superficial observer would be ready to pronounce each of these varieties a distinct and separate species, each will mix with the other, and produce varieties still more unlike the original stock.

For the Monthly Visitor.

PIETY.

On Piety humanity is built;
And on humanity much happiness:
But yet still more on Piety itself.

YOUNG.

THE comprehensive mind of Dr. Young displayed itself at one time in the examination and description of the most sublime and awful objects, and at another condescended to the consideration of those of a trivial and facetious nature. In perusing his writings, therefore, we cannot fail

both to be edified and amused: for upon all subjects they were very complete. In his religious productions we find an awful grandeur; in his moral, great delicacy, yet energy of language; in his facetious, sentiments truly witty, yet debased with nothing low. That he had a most happy method of expressing his ideas, appears from the quotations forming the basis of this essay. Many preachers, in discoursing on piety, might have called it a jewel, an inestimable possession; might have given it a thousand delightful characters; yet no description of its worth could be more appropriate and forcible than the words before us, which say it is the *foundation of happiness*.

True piety may be said to consist in a thorough conviction of the being and attributes of God; and in a strict determination always to conduct ourselves in such a way as we think will best accord with his mind and will.

That an infinite First Cause exists, all nature cries aloud; the wise man says, it is the fool who exclaims there is no God; and it is really difficult to suppose, there ever was one so great a fool as to make the exclamation. If we attend to the occurrences of nature and course of events, which take place in the little hamlet where we dwell, we shall see many striking delineations of a hand divine.—But what is the hamlet where we dwell, or the kingdom of which it is a part, to the magnificent world which we inhabit? And what is this world, with all its niceties, to that system of worlds to which it belongs—or what that system, to the numerous systems unseen by the naked eye, revealed to us by the power of the telescope, and which seem to form but a trivial part in the extensive universe? When we merely take a survey of the several gradations of nature in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, we surely must be

struck, as far as we can discern, with the consummate wisdom evident in each. And when, from the world of nature we turn to the moral world, and find, (as we certainly may upon attentive examination) every event, either directly or indirectly, immediately or ultimately, friendly to virtue and morality; we cannot doubt but that an infinite Being originally created the universe; and continues, by his constant energy, habitually to direct and preserve it. Would a bird, which had never built a nest before, form it of the same dimensions and materials as though she had done it for several years, if some supernatural power did not direct her operations? Would all the several species of animals be kept separate, without the least shadow of a change, or turning, considering the intercourse which they have with one another, were not a protecting power constantly at work? Would the various vegetables germinate in their respective orders, never interfering with each other, were it not for some constant invisible agency? Would the coal-mine, wounded by human operations, continue to supply the wants of man, did not some constant power replenish and repair its losses? Would the seasons continue in their order, the sun to rule the day, the moon to attend the night, if the hand of the Lord could no longer send them forward in their respective courses? Surely not. The Lord called this universe from darkness, and without his habitual protection, into chaos it would sink again. And as this confusion never does ensue, we may safely exclaim with the poet, without being charged with enthusiastic notions—

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body *nature* is, and *God* the soul;
To *Him*, no high, no low, no great, no small:
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

POPE.

Having thus, by a few brief hints, endeavoured to prove the existence of a Divine Being, which is necessary even to a *thought* of Piety, I remark, that wherever this principle is in full force, its possessor will always behave in such a way as he thinks will best please this Deity, of whose existence he has not the most distant doubt. If we look into the world around us, we shall find benevolence a strong characteristic of the divine administration. All nature is harmonious; each part exactly suits the part to which it is nearest: nothing seems too little; nought appears too much. Although many are the wants of the inhabitants of earth, yet many are the means by which those wants may be supplied; so that happiness, throughout creation, seems predominant. From this we may infer, that God is a God of love, and is therefore entitled to our gratitude and respect. When we reflect on our condition as creatures, and on the infinite power of the Creator—when we recollect that it was in his power to have placed us in what circumstances he pleased, can we refrain from being devoutly thankful to our great God, that, owing to his mercy, we are what we are. I know it has been said, that as God is an infinite Being, it was necessary to his infinite perfections, to make his creatures happy. I do not mean to enter into abstruse speculations relating to Infinity, into which narrow-sighted finite mortals have no very great occasions to pry—I merely remark it to be my opinion, that as we creatures are necessarily at the disposal of our creator, and consequently might have been unhappily situated, we ought, as happiness has a preponderancy in our lives, to be unfeignedly grateful to the Lord for all his benefits.

We may farther remark, that as God is a God of love, and Piety distinguishes itself in doing what is most pleasing in his sight, it is our duty,

if we wish for the character of pious christians, to endeavour to promote harmony amongst mankind. To exercise the benevolent affections and tender sympathies of our nature, is the noblest action in which we can engage. The pious man is sensible of this, and to this end continually keeps a watch over his various passions. He knows that the more they are governed, the better he will be ; and the better he as an individual is, the better will that society become of which he makes a part. He, therefore, sets his house in order, as being a principal affair to be regarded. Although he runs not into temptation, he skulks not away from it, but endeavours to meet it with fortitude, hoping not merely to keep himself unpolluted, but to be able to do good to others, by keeping them from its destruction also. If attacked in regard to his principles and pursuits, he defends them with humility, gentleness, and fortitude, arising from a conviction of right, not with anger and obstinacy, the result of vexation and superficiality of argument. He enters into debate with candour, for the sake of disseminating truth, not for the sake of sowing discord, or acquiring laurels in a contest of eloquence. In fine, whatever conduces to general happiness, he eagerly embraces.

It may be observed still further, that the man of piety is habitually attentive in discharging the duties he owes his God. From the book of nature we can plainly perceive a God exists, and that gratitude to him, and love towards one another, are proper affections for us to exercise. But it remained for the scriptures alone to reveal to us what were the exact duties we owed our God, or what actual services he required of us. To enumerate these would be needless. Reader ! search the pages alluded to, and judge for thyself. The rules thou art there directed to follow, the commands thou

art ordered to obey, are so plain, the wayfaring man cannot mistake them, and thou, if thou be really pious, wilt not disregard them. If Piety hath possession of thy soul, habitual attention on thy part to the mind and will of thy maker, must be the inevitable consequence. Thy goodness will not be for a moment only, in a public assembly to be seen of men, but will be a permanent energetic principle, acting equally as strong in private, as continually seeing him who is invisible. Thy actions will be useful and praise-worthy, from a wish to please and reverence thy God, not from the compulsion of worldly interest, or the peculiar circumstances of the moment.

Finally, from my thesis may be learnt, in what true happiness consists. A knowledge of the utmost importance to human kind. All men are professedly engaged in the pursuit of happiness; to this their attention is turned; on the attainment of this their hopes are fixed. Whatever they think will conduce to this, they indiscriminately adopt; and, as riches are considered by the generality of men as their *summum bonum*, to the acquirement of them men direct their chief attention. That the acquirement of riches, with some few exceptions, is laborious, I believe is an evident proposition, that it is uncertain, is equally true; they, frequently take to themselves wings with which they flee away; and that the possession of them does not constantly yield solid happiness the cry of the multitude, "*Who will shew us any good,*" sufficiently evinces. After much labour, vexation, and disappointments, they form, perhaps, this conclusion, that happiness belongs not to earth. But Dr. Young would have checked their exclamation, he would have told them, what many a divine who never tried for wealth knows from experience, that (although happiness is not *confined* to earth), she

may be man's possession here below. Piety has the promise of the life which *now is*, as well as that which is to come. Piety sublimates our affections; soothes our passions; excites the action of our noblest principles; allays our fears; calms our doubts; invigorates our hopes; supports our spirits; eases our afflictions; benumbs our pains; supplies our losses; lessens our griefs; renders wholesome our sickness, and welcome our death. If this be the case, we may, without hesitation, pronounce it our happiness; and that it is the case, the testimony of good men, in all ages, sufficiently proves.

But why should we stop here? Piety goes much farther. It not merely makes death welcome, but puts into our hands a title to eternal glory beyond the grave! It assures us, that although the world will shortly be to us of no value, there is a world in which we shall have from every foe a substantial refuge: that, although we must shortly bid adieu to our friends, and mingle with the silent dust, we shall rise from that dust victorious, and again meet those friends, never to be separated: that although our existence will soon apparently drop, we shall, after a momentary suspension of our powers, resuscitate in diviner regions: that although, when death approaches, we may appear friendless and forsaken, we have a friend who has promised never to desert us, and who can and will perform every tittle of his promises. This being the case, without enlarging farther, although an enlargement were both easy and pleasant, I think I may call upon every one to assent to the following proposition of Dr. Young—

A Deity *believ'd* is joy *begun*;
A Deity *ador'd* is joy *advanc'd*;
A Deity *belov'd* is joy *matur'd*.

Hackney,
March 3, 1801.

J. T.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ENIGMAS, &c. ANSWERED.

9. Laurel.

10. Bathing-machine.

CHARADES.

1. Wind-pipe.

3. Carp-enter.

2. Sea-son.

4. Pip-kin.

REBUSSES.

1. Sup-po-sit-i-on; No-it-i-sup-pos.

2. Grate; rate; rat; atè.

3. Star; rats.

ENIGMAS FOR SOLUTION.

BY J. F.

1.

My first is to my second useful found,
 My second governs all the globe around,
 My third's a proof my second skill to be,
 My whole's an art of great dexterity.

2.

Two sevenths of my whole is masculine,
 Another add—you make it feminine:
 Still add another, and a man is found,
 For plans ambitious, and for war renown'd.
 Then put me all together, and you find
 A female of a more than female mind.

3.

Add two thirds of a word that is contrary to near,
 To what a married woman should ever hold dear.
 To these add a title very common in Spain,
 And the name of a neat little town you obtain.

B b 2

4.

A method of singing, omitting a letter,
 Join'd to what men will do till they're wiser and
 better;
 Add these to the rite to dead people devoted,
 And a city appears, very antient and noted.

RIDDLES, BY T. S.

1.

Tho' swiftly I travel, I ne'er *walk* a pace,
 But faster can go than yourself in a race;
 Tho' strait, I am crooked as any ram's horn,
 And injur'd you even before you was born.
 Mankind dread my sight, as they very well know
 To the touch I am dreadful, as odious to show.
 Yet boys their amusement of me like to make,
 Nor scruple me up in their hands oft to take.

2.

Forth from the bosom of the deep,
 I playfully emerge,
 To sweep along the smooth sea face,
 Or skim the foaming surge.
 By mortal yet, I scare am seen,
 So distant are we plac'd;
 But that I am a friend to man,
 In my deportment's trac'd.
 For when destruction threatens him,
 I leave my silent bed,
 And singing, warn him of the harm,
 That hovers round his head.

3.

By many a life's whole pursuit I am made,
 If found, I should form a most excellent trade.
 Each fain would possess me, and each seek the road,
 To discover the spot where I make my abode.
 But this anxiousness points out their blindness of good,
 Since, if found, there'd be only more evil ensu'd.
 Yet some men to gain me, would Heav'n forego;
 So great is the blessing I'm thought to bestow.

4.

The dread and disgust of mankind,
 I traverse the forest and wood ;
 The instrument ready of harm,
 The most unproductive of good.
 The wholesome product of the earth,
 I pass in pursuit of my game ;
 But much as I mischief desire,
 I warning e'er give of the same.

 Beauties of the Drama.

PHILANTHROPY,

EXHIBITED IN THE ABBE DEL' EPEE'S NARRATIVE.

[From Kotzebue's Deaf and Dumb ; or, The Orphan.]

*Translated by Benjamin Thompson, Esq.**

Abbé. It is about eight years since an officer of the police brought to me a boy who was deaf and dumb. He had been found on the *Pont Neuf*, appeared to be about nine or ten years of age, and was of an engaging appearance. The coarse tatters with which he was clothed, made me at first suppose he belonged to poor people, and I promised to take care of him.—The next morning, when I examined him more minutely, I observed a certain dignity in his looks. He seemed astonished to find himself in rags, and I suspected that it was not without some intention he had been thus clothed and exposed. I immediately published the circumstance, and accurately described his person in the newspapers, but without effect. It is not usual with mankind to be too eager in acknowledging those who are unfortunate.

* For an account of this production, see our last, page 175.

As I perceived that all investigation was in vain, and as I was convinced that this child was the victim of some secret intrigue, I now merely endeavoured to obtain information from himself. I called him Theodore, and received him among my pupils. He soon distinguished himself, and so entirely justified my hopes, that after the expiration of three years, his mind expanded, and he was (if I may use the expression) a second time created, I conversed with him by signs, which in rapidity almost equalled thoughts.—One day, as we drove past a court of justice in Paris, he saw a magistrate step from his carriage, and was unusually agitated. I asked the reason, and he gave me to understand that a man like this, clothed in purple and ermine, had often embraced him, and shed tears over him. From this I concluded that he must be the son or near relation of some magistrate, who, from his robes, could only belong to a superior court of justice; consequently that my pupil's native place was probably a town of considerable size.—Another time, as we were walking together, we met the funeral of a nobleman. I immediately perceived the former agitation in Theodore, which increased as the procession came nearer. At length the hearse passed us—he trembled, and fell upon my neck. I questioned him, and he replied by signs, that a short time before he was conveyed to Paris, he had followed the hearse, in which was the man who had so often caressed him. From this I concluded he was an orphan, and the heir to a large fortune, of which his relations had been induced to deprive him by his helpless situation. These important discoveries doubled my zeal and resolution. Theodore became daily more interesting to me, and I began to cherish hopes of regaining his property for him. But how to begin my search? He had never heard his

father's name; he knew not where he had received existence.—I asked him whether he remembered when he was first brought to Paris.—He answered in the affirmative, and assured me he should know the gates through which he entered. The very next morning we went forth to examine them, and when we approached those which are called *del' Enfer*, he made a sign that he recognised them; that the carriage was there examined, and that his two conductors, whose features still were present to his mind, alighted with him there.—These new discoveries proved that he came from the south of France. He added that he was several days on the road—and that the horses were changed almost every hour. After making calculations from his several statements, I concluded that his native place was one of the principal towns in the south of France.

After numberless unavailing enquiries by letter, I at last resolved to make a tour through the southern towns with Theodore. The various circumstances, which he so minutely collected, made me hope that he would easily recognize the place of his nativity. The undertaking was certainly difficult, for I thought all expectations of success were idle, unless our journey was performed on foot. I am old, but heaven was pleased to grant me strength. In spite of age and infirmity I left Paris above two months ago. I passed through the gates *del' Enfer*, which Theodore again recognized. When we had left Paris a little way behind us, we embraced each other, prayed that heaven would guide our steps, and pursued our way with confidence. We have visited almost every place of magnitude, and now my strength was beginning to fail—my consolatory hopes were nearly exhausted, when this morning we arrived before the gates of Toulouse.

We entered the town—Theodore instantly seized my hand, and made a sign that he knew it. We proceeded. At every step his appearance became more animated, and tears fell from his eyes. We arrived at the market-place, when he suddenly threw himself on the earth, and raised his hands towards heaven—then sprung up, and informed me he had now found the place of his birth. Like him, intoxicated with delight, I forgot all the fatigues of my journey. We wandered to other parts of the town, and at length reached this square. He espied the palace. Exactly opposite to your house, uttered a loud shriek, threw himself breathless into my arms, and pointed out the habitation of his father.—I made enquiries, and learnt that this palace formerly belonged to the family of Count Solar, the last branch of which is my pupil,—that all his property is in the possession of a Mr. Darlemont, the guardian and maternal uncle of the young Count, by a false declaration of whose death, he became possessed of it.—I immediately tried to discover who was the most eminent advocate in Toulouse, that I might entrust him with this important business. You were mentioned to me, sir, and I am come to place in your hands what is dearest to me in the world—the fate of Theodore. Heaven sent him to me that I might educate him. Receive him from my hands, and let your exertions restore to him the rank and fortune, to which he is entitled by the laws of nature and of France.

To tell you how much it has cost me is impossible—but the exalted idea of being, as it were, a new creator, inspired me with strength and resolution. If the peasant feels delight when he beholds the abundant harvest which rewards his industry: judge what must be my sensations, when I stand

in the midst of my pupils, and see how the unfortunate beings emerge by degrees from darkness—how they become animated by the first beam of heavenly light—how they, step by step, discover their powers, impart their ideas to each other, and form around me an interesting family, of which I am the happy father. — — Yes, there are many more brilliant delights—many more easily attained—but I doubt whether in universal nature there is one more real.

PASSAGES TRANSCRIBED

FROM

BURN'S LETTERS.*

By John Evans, A. M.

THE appellation of a *Scottish Bard* is by far my highest pride, to continue to deserve it is my most exalted ambition. Scottish scenes and Scottish stories are the themes I could wish to sing. I have no dearer aim than to have it in my power, unplagued with the routine of business, for which, heaven knows, I am unfit, enough to make leisurely pilgrimages through Caledonia; to sit on the fields of her battles—to wander on the romantic banks of the rivers—and to muse by the stately towers, or venerable ruins, once the honoured abodes of her heroes!



The most placid good-nature and sweetness of disposition, a warm heart gratefully devoted with all its powers to love me, vigorous health and

* It was the opinion of Dr. Robertson, the celebrated historian, that the *prose* of Burns was still more extraordinary than even his *poetry*.

sprightly cheerfulness set off to the best advantage' by a more than commonly handsome figure, these, I think, in a *woman*, may make a good wife, though she should never have read a page, but the *Scriptures of the Old and New Testament*, nor have danced in a brighter assembly than a *penny-pay* wedding.



I shall transcribe you a few lines I wrote in an hermitage belonging to a gentleman in my *Nithsdale* neighbourhood. They are almost the only favours the muses have conferred on me in that country.

Thee whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in rustic weed;
Be thou deck'd in silken stole,
'Grave these maxims on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost,
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will ever lour.
Happiness is but a name,
Make *content* and *ease* thy aim.
Ambition is a meteor-gleam,
Fame an idle restless dream;
Peace the tender'st flower of spring,
Pleasures—insects on the wing!
Those that sip the dew alone,
Make the butter-flies thy own:
Those that would the bloom devour,
Crush the locusts, save the flower.
For the future be prepar'd,
Guard wherever thou canst guard;
But thy utmost duty done,
Welcome what thou canst not shun.
Follies past give thou to air,
Make their *consequence* thy care;
Keep the name of *MAN* in mind,
And dishonour not thy kind.

Reverence, with lowly heart,
 Him whose wond'rous works thou art;
 Keep his goodness still in view,
 Thy trust, and thy example too.
 Stranger, go! heaven be thy guide!
 Quoth—the beadsman of Nithside.



After all that has been said on the other side of the question, MAN is by no means a happy creature. I do not speak of the selected few, favoured by partial heaven, whose souls are tuned to gladness amid riches and honours, and prudence and wisdom. I speak of the neglected many, whose nerves, whose sinews, whose days are sold to the minions of fortune. It is this way of thinking, it is these melancholy truths, that made religion precious to the poor miserable children of men. If it is a mere phantom, existing only in the heated imagination of enthusiasm—

“What truth on earth so precious as the lie!”

My idle reasoning sometimes make me a little sceptical, but the necessities of my heart always give the cold philosophisings the lie. Who looks for the heart weaned from earth—the soul affianced to her God—the correspondence fixed with heaven—the pious supplication and the devout thanksgiving, constant as the vicissitudes of even and morn,—who thinks to meet these in the court, the palace, in the glare of public life! No; to find them in their precious importance and divine efficacy, we must search among the obscure recesses of disappointment, affliction, poverty, and distress.



I approve of *set times* and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought, which is so

apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.



We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or stricture of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding-birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of grey-plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion, or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Eolian harp, passive takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave!



Often as I have glided with humble stealth through the pomp of Prince's-street, (Edinburgh), it has suggested itself to me as an improvement on the present human figure, that a man in proportion to his own conceit of his consequence in the world, could have pushed out the longitude of his

com
we d
not t
in th
news
the v
woul
enab
mak
and t
angle
point
creat
its t
like

O
ings-
—th
comf
thy
on t
clut
those
to m
crag
shipp
ing b
cliffs
ful d
and
and
ful f
tives
cond
prese
now
ful c

common size as a snail pushes out his horns, or as we draw out a perspective. This trifling alteration, not to mention the prodigious saving it would be in the tear and wear of the neck, limbs, and sinews of many of his majesty's liege subjects, in the way of tossing the head, and tiptoe-strutting, would evidently turn out to vast advantage, in enabling us at once to adjust the ceremonials in making a bow, or making way to a great man, and that too within a second of the precise spherical angle of reverence, or an inch of the particular point of respectful distance which the important creature itself requires—as a measuring glance at its towering altitude, would determine the affair like instinct!



O frugality! thou mother of ten thousand blessings—thou cook of fat beef and dainty greens!—thou manufacturer of warm Shetland hose and comfortable surtouts;—thou old housewife darning thy decayed stockings with thy ancient spectacles on thy aged nose!—lead me, hand me in thy clutched, palsied fist, up those heights, and through those thickets hitherto inaccessible and impervious to my anxious weary feet:—not those Parnassian crags, bleak and barren, where the hungry worshippers of fame are breathless, clambering, hanging between heaven and hell; but those glittering cliffs of Potosi, where the all-sufficient, all-powerful deity wealth, holds his immediate court of joys and pleasures; where the sunny exposure of plenty and the hot walls of profusion produce those blissful fruits of luxury, exotics in this world and natives of paradise!—Thou withered sylph, my sage conductress, usher me into the refulgent and adored presence!—the power splendid and potent as he now is, was once the puling nursling of thy faithful care and tender arms!—Call me thy son, thy

cousin, thy kinsman, favourite, and adjure the God by the scenes of his infant years, no longer to repulse me as a stranger or an alien, but to favour me with his peculiar countenance and protection! He daily bestows his greatest kindnesses on the undeserving and worthless—assure him that I bring ample documents of meritorious demerits!—pledge yourself for me, that for the glorious cause of LUCRE, I will do any thing, be any thing—but the horse-leech of private oppression, or the culture of public robbery!



Religion, my honoured friend, is surely a simple business, as it equally concerns the ignorant and the learned, the poor and the rich. That there is an incomprehensible Great Being, to whom I owe my existence, and that he must be intimately acquainted with the operations and progress of the internal machinery, and consequent outward deportment of this creature which he has made, these are, I think, self evident propositions. That there is a real and eternal distinction between virtue and vice, and, consequently, that I am an accountable creature; that from the seeming nature of the human mind, as well as from the evident imperfection, nay, positive injustice in the administration of affairs, both in the natural and moral worlds, there must be a retributive scene of existence beyond the grave, must, I think, be allowed by every one, who will give himself a moment's reflection. I will go farther and affirm, that from the sublimity, excellence, and purity of his doctrines and precepts, unparalleled by all the aggregated wisdom and learning of many preceding ages, though, *to appearance*, he himself was the obscurest and most illiterate of our species—therefore Jesus Christ was from God!

Wha
happin
ness;
individ
What

Reli
A stro
a prop
revela
investi
years,
it. In
I have
when
dent
men,
shock
I hav
have
quota
progr
of Jo

spok
'Tis
'Tis
Whe
Whe
'Tis
Disa
With
Bids

V
por
enjo

Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others, this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it—this is my measure of iniquity. What think you, madam, of my creed?

Religion, my dear friend, is the true comfort! A strong persuasion in a future state of existence; a proposition so obviously probable, that setting revelation aside, every nation and people, so far as investigation has reached, for at least near 4000 years, have in some form or other firmly believed it. In vain would we reason and pretend to doubt. I have myself done so to a very daring pitch, but when I reflected that I was opposing the most ardent wishes and the most darling hopes of good men, and flying in the face of all ages, I was shocked at my own conduct. I know not whether I have ever sent you the following lines, or if you have ever seen them, but it is one of my favourite quotations, which I keep constantly by me in my progress through life, in the language of the book of Job:

“Against the day of battle and of war,”
spoken of religion.

'Tis this, my friend, that streaks our morning bright,
'Tis this that gilds the horror of our night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few,
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
'Tis this that wards the blow, or stills the smart,
Disarms affliction, or repels his dart;
Within the breast bids purest raptures rise,
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies!

What strange beings we are! Since we have a portion of conscious existence equally capable of enjoying pleasure, happiness, and rapture, or of

suffering pain, wretchedness, and misery, it is surely worthy of an enquiry, whether there be not such a thing as a *science of life*; whether method, economy, and fertility of expedients be not applicable to enjoyment; and whether there be not a want of dexterity in pleasure, which renders our little scantling of happiness still less, and a profuseness, an intoxication in bliss, which leads to satiety, disgust, and self abhorrence. There is not a doubt but that health, talents, character, decent competency, respectable friends, are real substantial blessings; and yet, do we not daily see those who enjoy many, or all these good things, contrive, notwithstanding, to be as unhappy as others, to whose lot few of them have fallen? I believe one great source of this mistake, or misconduct, is owing to a certain stimulus with us, called ambition, which goads us up the hill of life, not as we ascend other eminences for the laudable curiosity of viewing an extended landscape, but rather for the dishonest pride of looking down on others of our fellow creatures seemingly diminutive in humbler stations.



I am out of all patience with this vile world for one thing. Mankind are by nature benevolent creatures, except in a few scoundrelly instances. I do not think that avarice of the good things we chance to have, is born with us; but we are placed here among so much nakedness and hunger, and poverty and want, that we are under a necessity of studying selfishness, in order that we may EXIST! Still there are, in every age, a few souls that all the wants and woes of life cannot debase into selfishness, or even to the necessary alloy of caution and prudence. If ever I am in danger of vanity, it is when I contemplate myself on this side

of my description and character. God knows, I am no saint; I have a whole host of follies and sins to answer for; but if I could, and I believe I do as far as I can, I would wipe away all tears from all eyes. Adieu!

What, my dear C. is there in *riches*, that they narrow and harden the heart so? I think that were I as rich as the sun, I should be as generous as the day, but as I have no reason to imagine my soul a nobler one than any other man's, I must conclude that wealth imparts a *bird-lime* quality to the possessor, at which the man in his native poverty would have revolted.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

ON WALKING.

In the last Number of our Miscellany, p. 134, we gave an interesting
Extract from

DR. WILlich's TRANSLATION OF STRUVE ON THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN;

From the same Work we have taken the following Article ON WALKING, which, we doubt not, will be found equally interesting to our Readers.

EVERY kind of spontaneous exercise is preferable to that artificially enforced. We should therefore afford children early opportunities of using their legs. But a question here arises, how do they in general learn to walk? Certainly in a very absurd manner, and with danger to their health and straight growth. Many a well-meaning mother enjoys the short, but illusive pleasure, of seeing her child stand on its legs at a very early age, without considering whether these limbs have acquired sufficient strength and firmness to support the body; and many nurses prematurely induce infants to walk, that they may indulge their own

idle dispositions, or pursue their own ordinary business, while they expose their charge to all the effects of such mismanagement. Sometimes, also, vain mothers endeavour to excel their neighbours in teaching children the use of their legs; but this artificial effort may, with more propriety, be termed waddling than walking: it is a wretched way of tottering about, and stumbling, which cannot but offend the eye of every judicious spectator.

Children are often, in a manner, suspended by what are called leading-strings, which are fastened to their jackets, or corsets, at the shoulders. These have the appearance of an harness contrived for the taming of a wild animal, rather than for leading a tender and sprightly infant. Whoever has once observed the wanton manner in which nurses pull and toss about those ill-fated children used to leading-strings, must be convinced of the injurious tendency of such practices; especially when in danger of falling, they are raised by them, as a horse is checked by his bridle, so that they are often subject to dislocations. Besides, they thus rely upon extraneous assistance, and do not exert their own powers. Leading-strings farther compress the shoulders, and impede the circulation of the blood in those parts; and, while the child reclines forward with the whole weight of his body, it habitually acquires an improper and disagreeable posture.

Not less objectionable are the moveable machines, vulgarly called go-carts. When infants remain for a length of time in such a constrained situation, the weight of the body bends the feeble legs, which ultimately become crooked. The breast also suffers, by leaning upon the circular top, and pushing the machine.

To teach children to walk, by holding one of their hands, tends to produce a deformity of that

side by which they are led; or at least they are apt to become round-shouldered. Even though they be conducted by both hands, between two persons, we may apprehend similar consequences; as the body of the child still preponderates to one side or the other.

Those mothers who possess true affection for their little ones, should not be too anxious to teach them the use of their legs. It is indeed far more prudent to delay these exercises for a few weeks or months, than by too premature an exertion of their strength to expose infants to the misfortune of bandy legs, crooked spine, and round shoulders. In my own neighbourhood I have reluctantly noticed number of bandy-legged children, because walking is here generally attempted by artificial means; and go-carts, as well as leading-strings, are much in vogue. May these instruments of torture soon be abolished, and mankind trust to nature, whose parental wisdom forms no caricatures!

To compel children to exert themselves to walk, during the period of dentition, is highly detrimental. At this time they are in an extremely debilitated state, and their limbs are in danger of growing deformed, or being dislocated. Hence I solicit mothers to pay particular regard to them at this critical change.



VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.'

POPE.

DRURY LANE.

MAR. 12. **M**RS. Jordan made her first appearance this season, in the character of *Miss Peggy* in the comedy of the *Country Girl*; and so irresistible was the attraction, that the house at an early hour completely overflowed in every part. She was greeted by the splendid crowd with reiterated testimonials of admiration and respect; and throughout the whole of her performance, was most warmly and universally applauded. She looked extremely well, and exhibited with the happiest effect that charming playfulness of manner, those winning gestures, and incomparable diversity of sweet and silvery accents, for which so eminently she stands unrivalled, and which have so long proclaimed her the genuine favourite child of *Thalia*.

COVENT GARDEN.

April 30. A new grand pantomimical drama, called *PEROUSE*; or the *DESOLATE ISLAND*, was brought forward at this theatre.

The ground-work and principal incidents of this superb exhibition, are borrowed by Mr. Fawcett, the artist, from Kotzebue's affecting drama of *La Pérouse*: but the immorality of the *dénouement* in the original has been judiciously omitted.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

EUROPEANS.

<i>Pérouse</i>	Mr. H. Johnston.
<i>Madame Pérouse</i>	Mrs. H. Johnston.
<i>Conge</i>	Mr. King.
<i>Child</i>	Miss Jenkins.
<i>Champanzee</i>	Master Menage.

NATIVES OF A NEIGHBOURING ISLAND.

<i>Kango</i>	Mr. Farley.
<i>Nagaski</i>	Mr. Bologna.
<i>Ostepalaw</i>	Mr. Platt.
<i>Tetasiwar</i>	Mr. L. Bologna.
<i>Potoomora</i>	Mr. Powers.
<i>Umba</i>	Mrs. Mills.

The scene lies in an uninhabited island, north of Japan.

The boldness of Kotzebue's imagination has represented the celebrated navigator, *La Pérouse* living in an island with a female savage, who had twice preserved him from destruction, and whom, hopeless of ever returning to his native country, he considers as his wife. *Madame La Pérouse* embarks in one of the vessels dispatched for the discovery of her husband, and after a separation of nine years, finds him with his savage benefactress. The various emotions produced in *La Pérouse*, and particularly in the women, are affecting in the extreme, but the conclusion, which left him in possession of two wives, has been omitted in the present piece. Several other alterations, in conformity to European manners and taste, are introduced, but the principal incidents and beauties of the original are preserved.

The business of the piece is conducted without interruption, and the scenery, decorations, and dresses are magnificently appropriate. The scene of the grotto, *La Pérouse's* retreat, is finely picturesque, without the least appearance of art. The back and wings are composed of ores and shells of various colours, and the whole is surmounted with frost work, terminating in icicles hanging from the top.

We cannot speak too highly of the music, in which the science and taste of Moorehead and Davy are happily combined. There is no inconsiderable share of original melody, and few instances occur in which the movements do not correspond with the subject.

In the arduous part of *La Pérouse*, who is almost constantly brought into action, Mr. H. Johnston distinguished himself very highly, by suitable and spirited gesticulation. Mrs. H. Johnston and Mrs. Mills gave to their respective parts every possible effect; but it would be unjust not to mention with particular praise the performance of little Menage in *Champanzee*, who threw sentiment into his action, expressive of gratitude and affection to his benefactor *La Pérouse*.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MARCH, 1801.

THE MINSTREL YOUTH,

(Continued from Page 188.)

PART II.

HE ceas'd—awhile was Blondel mute,
Some secret thought revolving,
Then thus—" Your words too plainly shew,
" That pain awaits us here below,
" Each spell of joy dissolving."

(As from his lips the accents fall,
His breast now sinks, now rises),
" Ah! be it mine to tell the rest,
" For, Hubert! know, this minstrel vest
" Poor Henry's self disguises!"

The aged rustics' hearts were full,
Their sorrow partly vanish'd,
Yet doubted they so wish'd for truth,
Till with these words the minstrel youth
Their ev'ry scruple banish'd.

" As now far off the stately towers
" Of Alric were receding,
" Your cot my fancy pictur'd near,
" My soul still long'd to hover there,
" All other joys unheeding,

- " A dreary wood before me spread,
" The night was fast advancing,
" And oft the gloomy bows between
" The rising moon by fits was seen,
" A silver radiance glancing.
" Thus, whilst I slowly journey'd on,
" Ne'er dreading aught of danger,
" No passing gale the branches stirr'd;
" I paus'd—when sure methought I heard
" The distant tread of stranger.
" Again I paus'd—'twas hush'd—anon
" The sound drew near—yet nearer—
" Haply," said I, " some cheerful friend
" His lonely steps may hither bend—
" Nor cherish'd thought severer.
" But ah! how were my hopes deceiv'd,
" When by the moon's pale lustre,
" Two vassals of the Earl I knew!
" Stern were their looks—aside they drew
" Behind a shady cluster.
" Nay, by our lady, Jacques!" cried one,
" My heart begins to fail me,
" For if, plague take the youth, say I,
" Beneath his blows I chance to die,
" Would thirty marks avail me?"
" Repli'd a second voice—" 'Tis well
" You're past Earl Alric's hearing;—
" Besides the sturdy strength of two
" Will sure a puny lad outdo,
" What cause is there for fearing?"
" List'ning, with half suspended breath,
" Upon the spot I tarried,
" Till from behind a sudden blow,
" Ah me! had well nigh laid me low,
" But by my shield 'twas parried.
" True to his charge, a second stroke
" Aim'd Jacques, the bravelier venturing,
" Not powerless now the lance recoil'd,
" My better arm it sorely foil'd,
" Through the strong brasset entering.

- " Now, rising from the caitiff's blow,
 " Mine eyes with rage beheld him;
 " A trusty rapier forth I drew,
 " Upon the murderous ruffian flew,
 " And to the earth prone fell'd him.
 " He groan'd—he died. His comrade soon
 " Upon his steed far hasted,
 " Whilst I, as near my courser fed,
 " On the soft grass reclin'd my head,
 " My strength with bleeding wasted.
 " Ere long an aged man approach'd,
 " His waving locks were hoary,
 " A secret prayer to Heav'n he sent,
 " With looks most piteous o'er me bent,
 " And staunch'd the wound so gory.
 " In his right hand a vase he held,
 " Of water from the fountain,
 " Then choicest simples he applied,
 " Whose healing virtues oft he tried,
 " Cull'd on a neighbouring mountain.
 " Gradual I felt my sense revive,
 " And from the ground rose slowly;
 " The hermit's cell not distant lay,
 " Thither we now pursu'd our way,
 " And reach'd the portal lowly.
 " When all his cares a secret love
 " Had to my breast imparted,
 " I left, reluctant left, the cave,
 " My blessings to its tenant gave,
 " And on my course departed.
 " 'Twere long to tell, what heavy toils,
 " Of grief, the various sources,
 " 'Twas mine, O Hubert! to withstand,
 " And now, to rescue Holy Land,
 " I join'd our monarch's forces.
 " 'Twere long to tell, how Saladin,
 " The leaguer'd walls defended,
 " Till at the last the christian powers,
 " Waving the cross o'er Jaffa's towers,
 " The ramparts heights ascended.

" Yet Hubert! know, that e'en when loud
" The battle's clang was swelling,
" I cared not, strove not e'er to claim
" The warrior's noblest guerdon—fame,
" My thoughts on Julia dwelling.
" Thus heartsick, I resolv'd once more
" To find my lovely peasant,
" Aside my cumbrous harness thrown,
" And in this minstrel garb unknown,
" To her fond sighs be present.
" But ah! so dread, so deep a shock,
" My fears had ne'er portended!
" Dear Julia!"—sighs his bosom wrung,
Around him all the lover clung,
And thus his tale he ended.

Hubert and Wilhelmine to Heaven
Pour'd blessings without number;
Now with the toils of day o'erspent,
They to their rushy pallets went,
And woo'd refreshing slumber.

PART III.

FAIR smil'd the morn, the orient sun
Through Henry's casement peeping,
Whilst he within old Hubert's cot,
(The world and all its cares forgot),
Was yet profoundly sleeping.

Fair smil'd the morn—he woke, he pray'd,
He left his humble pillow,
He sought hard by the little dome,
Where lay the maiden's still, dark home,
Beneath the weeping willow.

And, thither as he pensive stray'd,
He cull'd full many a flower,
The violet from the river's bed,
The heartsease, like poor Julia dead,
Cropt in its loveliest hour.

Ere long upon her sleeping corse,
The blooming sweets he scatter'd;
Close to the high mound's grassy site,
The stormy blast of yesternight,
The willow's boughs had shatter'd.

His fervent orisons he breath'd,
Then back his steps did measure,
The rustic's matin meal partook—
And oft an half averted look
Evinc'd anew their pleasure.

Henry to Hubert was most dear,
Nor seem'd the minutes vapid;
But as on joys once known, once felt,
Their varying converse fondly dwelt,
Another day fled rapid.

When now the twilight's deepening shades
The hour of eve denoted,
And at long intervals around
The castle bell's deep, hollow sound
Upon the night breeze floated.

To the kind pair he bade adieu,
And softly clos'd the wicket,—
But O! to him what dread surprize,
As at a winding turn, his eyes
Glanc'd on the well-known thicket!

“ Ah me! since first those trees I pass'd,
“ Sad course my stars have taken!
“ Claycold is now the darling maid,
“ Who then my wayward fate allay'd—
“ By all, all else-forsaken!”

Fearful he spake—soon Alric's walls
Before his view rose towering;
Above the rampart-crested fosse,
O'erspread with wild weeds and with moss,
The falling gloom hung louring.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE
DISPARITY OF CONDITIONS.

WHY does stern fate on some devoted head,
Pour all her vengeance—rend his soul with
woe?

His paths, through life's dark vale, why love to spread
With piercing thorns, enforcing tears to flow?

There, deckt with roseate bloom, the face appears,
Glitt'ring with gay attire, reclin'd at ease;
And here, as primrose pale, bedew'd with tears,
Stands tatter'd poverty, with trembling knees!

Unshelter'd from the evening blast, forlorn,
No hospitable door admits her feet,
Beneath a shadowy tree she lies till morn,
Then, cold and cheerless, leaves her lone retreat.

Or in the shatter'd barn, abides the night,
Tho' oft disturb'd with screech owls' hideous noise,
Or fancied spectres fill her with affright,
And sleep, sweet antidote of care, destroys.

Strange mystery!—could I undraw the veil,
Which shades the causes of this chequer'd scene—
Unfold to man the deep-envelop'd tale,
Whether his lot be joy, or anguish keen.

Then should ye know, ye victims of distress,
Why grandeur rolls in vehicle of state;
And why, with adamant heart, he dares oppress
The helpless children of relentless fate.

Harrass'd with cares, and struggling hard for food,
Why heav'n-born genius lives in garret poor,
While stupid ignorance's grov'ling brood,
Soft ease, and golden sinecures procure.

Why guilt resides beneath the gilded dome,
Possessing lavish all fair fortune's stores;
Whilst virtue for support's impell'd to roam,
And oft at wealth's proud mansion aid implores.

Such are, perhaps, the ills we oft sustain,
 Inciting oft our impious complaints;
 But who, when crush'd by penury and pain,
 Whose spirit under heavy suffering faints?

Can e'er his murm'ring thoughts subdue with ease,
 Repress the vult'rine sighs which tear his breast,
 Controul the tyrant passions as he please,
 And sooth the sorrows that disturb his rest.

Thou God of mercy ! hear the earnest pray'r,
 Thy creature suppliant offers at thy throne ;
 Give heav'nly patience to each child of care,
 Hush ev'ry grief, and mitigate each groan.

Fort-street.

J. S.

THE HARPER:

FROM "CAMPBELL'S PLEASURES OF HOPE."

(See our Literary Review.)

ON the green banks of Shannon, when Sheelah
 was nigh,
 No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I ;
 No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
 And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forc'd from my Sheelah to part,
 She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
 Oh ! remember your Sheelah when far far away ;
 And be kind, my dear Pat, to our poor dog Tray.

Poor dog ! he was faithful and kind to be sure,
 And he constantly lov'd me, although I was poor ;
 When the sour-looking folks sent me heartless away,
 I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark, and the night was so
 cold,
 And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
 How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
 And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray:

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refus'd my last crust to his pitiful face;
But he died at my feet on a cold winter day,
And I play'd a sad lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken, and blind?
Can I find one to guide me, so faithful and kind?
To my sweet native village, so far far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

CRAZY PAUL.

*A Parody on the celebrated and popular Song of CRAZY
JANE, and set to the same Tune.*

WHY, dear George, in every feature
Are such signs of fear impress'd?
Can a mad, tho' hostile creature,
With such terror fill thy breast?
Do his frenzied looks alarm thee?
Let not these thy heart appal:
Not for kingdoms can he harm thee;—
Shun not then poor Crazy Paul.

Does he still for Malta languish?
Mark him and avoid his woe;
Proud ambition causes anguish,
States are false—you find them so.
Austria loves—oh, how sincerely!
While the guineas round her fall;
Denmark, Sweden, lov'd as dearly,
Yet they're gone to Crazy Paul.

Fondly George's heart receiv'd him,
Doom'd to court more kings than one;
Paul vow'd to love, and George believ'd him;
Paul is false—George not undone.
From that hour his fleet is ready
To attack with fire and ball;
Nelson, with a courage steady,
Cries—"Have at thee, Crazy Paul."

British tars, so gallant-hearted,
With victorious thoughts beset;
On seas where they and Russia parted,
On seas where they and Russia met,

Still shall sing the war-lorn ditty,
Still shall fight at *honour's* call;
While each passing *ship* in pity,
Cries—"God help thee, *Crazy Paul.*"

THE

ORPHAN BEGGAR GIRL.

AS weary I wander, by night and by day,
Invited by hope, and pursu'd by despair;
Full often I meet the beaut'ous and gay,
But they feel not my suff'rings, they heed not my
care.
And at night, all alone, when the cold winds and
rain,
Beat remorseless against this poor shelterless breast;
I petition the great—they reply with disdain,
I give them my blessing—they leave me unblest.
Ah! none think of me, for my parents are dead,
My money is gone, and my friends are all flown;
In solitude born, and in penury bred,
I'm doom'd thus regardless to wander alone.
Yon house, where the taper diffuses its light,
The gay, and the affluent revel in wine;
But they dream not of sorrow, where there's such de-
light,
They feel no misfortunes—they think not of mine.
Ah! fluttering heart, why so nimbly thus beat,
No heart with kind sympathy e'er beats for thee;
No protection on earth shalt thou evermore meet,
Death alone is thy friend, and he'll soon set thee free.
Then ye proud, and ye wealthy, go take your dull
joys,
You must quickly this scene, with its pleasures re-
sign!
We may yet meet again, where no sorrows annoys,
Nor a poor *orphan girl* thus unheeded repine!

Wolverhampton.

CIVIS.

SONG,

IN THE CAKE-HOUSE;

By Mr. DIBDIN.

ANNA, ANN, NAN, NANCE AND NANCY.

MY love's a vessel trim and gay,
Rigg'd out with truth, and stor'd with honour;
As through life's sea she cuts her way,
All eyes with rapture gaze upon her.
Built ev'ry wondering heart to please,
The lucky shipwright's love and fancy,
From stem to stern she moves with ease.
And at her launch they call'd her Nancy.

When bearing up against life's gales,
So well she stems the dangerous trouble,
I call her Anna as she sails,
Her form's so grand, her air's so noble.
When o'er the trembling wave she flies,
That plays and sports as she advances,
"Well said, my Nan," I fondly cries,
As my full heart in concert dances.

In studding-sails before life's breeze,
So sweetly gentle is her motion,
She's Anne,—for as she moves with ease,
She seems the queen of all the ocean.
But when on Sundays rigg'd in stays,
Like beauty gay, and light as fancy,
She wins my heart a thousand ways,
I then delight to call her Nancy.

When laying on a tack so neat,
The breeze her milk-white bosom filling,
She skims the yielding waves so fleet,
I call her Nance, my bosom thrilling.

Thus is she precious to my heart,
By whate'er name comes o'er my fancy;
Graceful or gay; grand, neat, or smart,
Or Anna, Ann, Nan, Nance, or Nancy.

ALMERIA;
OR,
THE PENITENT.

Being a genuine Epistle from an Unfortunate Daughter in -----, to
her Family in the Country.

BY — PRATT.

(See page 227 of this Number.)

WITHDRAWN from all temptations that entice,
The frauds of fashion, and the snares of vice,
From all that can inspire unchaste delight,
To my dear bleeding family I write ;
But oh ! my pen the tender task denies,
And all the daughter rushes to my eyes :
Oft as the paper to my hand I've brought,
That hand still trembled at the shock of thought ;
Sighs interrupt the story of my woe,
My blushes burn me, and my tears o'erflow ;
But nature now insists upon her claim,
Strikes the fine nerve, and gives me up to shame ;
No more the anxious wish can I restrain,
Silent no longer can your child remain ;
Write, write I must, each hope, each fear declare,
And try, once more, to win a father's care :
Scorn not, ah ! scorn not then the mournful verse,
Revive my blessing and recall my curse ;
Give to a daughter's wrongs one parent sigh,
Nor let a mother her *last* prayer deny.
Yet where, oh where, shall I the tale begin,
And where conclude the narrative of sin ?
How each dire circumstance of guilt disclose,
Unload my breast and open all its woes ?
How to an injur'd parent shall I tell
The arts by which I stray'd, by which I fell ?
No common language can the scene express,
Where every line should mark extreme distress ;
Mere human words unequal all, we find,
To paint the feelings of a wounded mind ;

'Tis not the scribbler's vein, the songster's art,
Nor the wild genius of a vacant heart,
'Tis not the lines that musically flow
To mark the poet's well-imagin'd woe;
Nor all the frolics of the funeful tribe,
Can such a mighty grief as mine describe.

Full oft has scorpion fancy to my view,
Imag'd each anguish that a parent knew;
At midnight's still and searching hour she came,
Glar'd round my bed, and chill'd my soul with shame,
Crowded each black idea in my sight,
And gloom'd a chaos on the balmy night:

'Behold,' she said, 'on the damp bed of earth,
Behold th' unhappy man who gave thee birth;
In dust he rolls his sorrow-silver'd hair,
And on each muscle sits intense despair:
See, how the passions vary in his face,
Tear his old frame, and testify disgrace:
Retir'd from home, in silence to complain
To the pale moon, the veteran tells his pain—
Now sinks oppress'd—now sudden starts away—
Abhors the night, yet sickens at the day;
And see, thou guilty daughter! see, and mourn
The 'whelming grief that waits the sire's return!
Beneath some black'ning yew's sepulchral gloom,
Where pensive sorrow seems to court the tomb,
Where tenfold shades repel the light of day,
And ghostly footsteps seem to press the way,
Bent to the ground by mis'ry and by years,
There view thy bleeding mother bath'd in tears;
Her look disorder'd, and her air all wild,
She beats the breast that fed a worthless child:'
And 'oh!' she cries——

'Oh, had the fost'ring milk to poison turn'd,
Some ague shiver'd, or some fever burn'd;
Had death befriended, on the fatal morn
In which these eyes beheld a daughter born;
Or had th' Eternal seal'd its eyes in night,
Ere it the barrier knew 'twixt wrong and right,
Then had these curses ne'er assail'd my head—
Why spring such torments from a lawlul bed?"

Now melted, soften'd, gentler, she complains,
Rage ebbs away, the tide of love remains:
Then how th' affecting tears each other trace,
Down the dear furrows of her matron face;
But still the anxious mother brings to light,
Scenes of past joy, and innocent delight;
Calls to remembrance each infantine bliss,
The cradle's rapture, and the baby's kiss;
Each throbbing hope that caught th' embrace sincere,
With every joy that rose in every tear;
The beauteous prospect bright'ning every day,
The father's fondling, and the mother's play;—
Yet soon she finds again the sad reverse,
Till harass'd nature sinks beneath its curse;
Again, more fierce—more mad—she rends her frame,
And loudly brands ALMERIA with her shame!"

Here paus'd and shrunk the vision from my view,
But conscience colour'd as the shade withdrew;—
Pierc'd to the heart, in agony I lay,
And, all confusion, rose with rising day.

But ah! what hope could morning bring to me,
What, but the mournful privilege to see,
To view the pleasures which I could not share,
And waste the day in solitude and care?
More clearly shone the sun on my disgrace,
And mark'd more plain the blushes on my face.

Then, all enrag'd, I curst th' abandon'd hour,
When honour yielded to the traitor's power,
When, rash, I scorn'd the angel voice of truth,
In all the mad simplicity of youth:
When from a father's arms forlorn I stray'd,
And left a mother's tenderness unpaid;
While nature, duty, precept, all combin'd
To fix obedience on the plastic mind.

Stung at the thought, each vengeance I design'd,
And weary'd Heaven to uncreate mankind;
From room to room distractedly I ran,
The scorn of woman, and the dupe of man.

Alcanor, curst Alcanor! first I sought,
(And, as I past, a fatal dagger caught),
The smiling villain soon my fury found,
Struck at his heart and triumph'd in the wound:

'A ruin'd woman gives,' I cry'd the stroke;
He reel'd, he fell, he fainted, as I spoke.
But soon as human blood began to flow,
Soon as it gush'd, obedient to the blow,
Soon as the ruddy stream his cheek forsook,
And death sat struggling in his dying look,
Love, and the woman all at once return'd;
I felt his anguish, and my rashness mourn'd;
O'er his pale form I heav'd the bursting sigh,
And watch'd the changes of his fading eye;
To stop the crimson tide, my hair I tore,
Kiss'd the deep gash, and wash'd with tears the gore.
'Twas love, 'twas pity—call it what you will,
Where the heart feels—we all are women still.

But low I bent my knees to pitying Heaven,
For his recovery to my prayers was given;
He liv'd—to all the rest I was resign'd,
And murder rack'd no more my tortur'd mind:
He liv'd—but soon with mean perfidious stealth,
Forsook his prey and rioted in wealth.

Yet think not now arriv'd the days of joy;
Alcanor flatter'd only to destroy;
Alike to blast my body and my mind,
He rob'd me first, then left me to mankind;
Soon from his Janus face the mask he tore,
The charm was broke and magic was no more;
The dreadful cheat awhile to hide he strove,
By poor pretences of a partial love,
Awhile disguis'd the surfeits of his heart,
And topp'd full well the warm admirer's part,
Till tir'd at last with lab'ring to conceal,
And feigning transports which he did not feel,
He turn'd at once so civilly polite,
Whate'er I said, indiff'rence made so right,
Such coldness mark'd his manners and his mein,
My guilt—my ruin—at a glance was seen.

(To be concluded in our next:)

Literary Review.

The Life of David Garrick, Esq. by Arthur Murphy, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 14s. boards. Wright.

THE name of *Garrick* is so interwoven with our theatrical entertainments, that his life cannot fail of furnishing ample materials for instruction and amusement. Accordingly, soon after the decease of our English *Roscus*, a Biography of him was presented to the public, by Mr. T. Davies, then a bookseller in Covent Garden. Mr. Murphy, however, has now taken up the pen on the same fertile subject. *Garrick* it seems was his intimate friend—here he pays a handsome tribute of respect to his memory.

The substance of this piece of biography shall be detailed—whether the reader be or be not a frequenter of the theatres, he must find his curiosity aroused respecting the history of this extraordinary man—and it shall be gratified.

DAVID GARRICK was the son of an officer in the army, and born at Hereford, on the 20th February, 1716. He even at school discovered talents for mimicry, and cherished his love of plays with great assiduity. In 1729, or 1730, he went to Lisbon to an uncle, but soon returned. He then came to town along with Dr. Samuel Johnson, (whose pupil he had been), in order to seek his fortune—he, however, became a partner with his uncle, in the wine-business, but the partnership was speedily dissolved. He now turned his attention to the stage, where he afterwards so eminently distinguished himself. He made his first appearance at Ipswich, under a feigned name, and,

encouraged by the success he there received, was emboldened soon after to present himself before a London audience. He opened his career October 19, 1741, at Goodman's Fields, in Richard the 3d. and drew astonishing crowds, even from the west-end of the town—the whole way from Temple-Bar to the theatre being covered with a string of coaches! His fame being thus *noised abroad*, he went the ensuing summer to Dublin, where crowds so flocked to see him, that a fever was occasioned—called *Garrick's fever*. On his return, he engaged at Drury-lane with wonderful success. In 1747 Garrick became a patentee of Drury-Lane, and thus was his ambition highly gratified. He visited France in 1763, and did not return from the Continent till 1765, when he was received with acclamations of joy. He proceeded with astonishing eclat in his profession till the 10th of June, 1776, when he retired from the stage, regretted by all—but he did not long enjoy his retirement, for in 1778 his health declined fast, and on the 20th of January, 1779, he died—by which, to use the words of Dr. Johnson,—the gaiety of nations was eclipsed! He was buried on Monday, Feb. 1st, in Westminster—his funeral was attended by a numerous concourse of all ranks—and a monument, in Poets' Corner, was lately raised to his memory. Such is the history of this great man—for he must be pronounced *truly great* in his profession. "The conclusion from the whole," says Mr. M. "is that our English Roscius was an ornament of the age in which he lived—the restorer of dramatic literature—and the great reformer of the public taste. In *his* time the theatre engrossed the minds of men to such a degree, that it may be now said, that there existed in England a *fourth estate*, king, lords, and commons, and *Drury-Lane playhouse*!"

This *Life of Garrick* is, of course, the history of the stage from 1741 to 1776—when he quitted it. The several plays acted during this period are specified, and even analyzed with ability. The amateurs of the drama will find, in the volumes before us, a rich source of entertainment. The Appendix, besides

many original pieces of Garrick, contains interesting particulars of his illness and dissolution.

The specimens already given in our Miscellany, shew the manner in which the work is executed. Mr. M. is a man of genius, and has been long known in the republic of letters. He has written the *Life of Johnson*, produced some dramatic pieces, and is the author of other works, by which the taste of the public has been gratified.

The Chemical Pocket Book; or, Memoranda Chemica, arranged in a Compendium of Chemistry, with Tables of Attractions, calculated for the occasional reference of the Professional Student, as to supply others with a general Knowledge of Chemistry. By James Parkinson. Second edition, with the latest Discoveries. Symonds. 6s. Boards.

THIS valuable little work we noticed upon its first appearance in terms of approbation. The present new edition is still more valuable, because it contains numerous additions, made with accuracy and judgment. The variations to which the science of chemistry is subject, from the incessant investigations of the learned, render it necessary that a manual of this kind should be drawn up with an uncommon degree of industry. Such attention appears to have been paid in the volume before us. The frontispiece, exhibiting an *economical laboratory and chemical characters*, forms a most useful decoration to the work.

An Epitome of Geography, arranged after a new Manner, and enlivened by references to History. In Three Parts. By John Evans, A. M. Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's Row, Islington. Symonds. 1s.

OF this publication, an idea may be formed from the portion of it which appeared in two successive numbers of our Miscellany. That portion, however,

is here greatly enlarged and improved. The three parts into which Mr. E. has distributed his *Epitome*, (drawn up for the use of his own pupils), are, 1. A sketch of the globe, with its general divisions. 2. The four quarters of the world analysed; and, 3. A list of the several counties of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is a kind of work which Dr. Vicesimus Knox seems to recommend in his excellent *Essay on Liberal Education*.

Mr. E. concludes the work in the following words:—“ We ought not to close the survey of the TERRAQUEOUS GLOBE without noticing the pleasing position of our own country, equally removed from the excessive cold of the frigid zones, and from the burning heat of the equatorial regions. Nor are we subjected to those dreadful gusts of wind which lay the forest prostrate, and consign both man and beast to destruction. An exemption from these tremendous evils is by no means the least of those mercies by which the British isles stand distinguished. A grateful heart, however, which ought to be produced by a comparison of our situation with that of other countries, is an ingredient necessary to our enjoyment :—

“ A fairer isle than BRITAIN never sun
View'd in his wide career! A lovely spot
For all that life can ask! salubrious! mild!
Its hills are green! Its woods and prospects fair!
Its meadows fertile! and to crown the whole
In one delightful word—it is our *home*—
Our *native isle*!”

COTTLE'S ALFRED.

Mr. E. remarks, in his advertisement—“ When the pupil has made himself master of the contents of this little *Epitome*, (which, though not faultless, has been formed with great care and attention), let him proceed to *Butler's Exercises on the Globes*, and the most recent edition of *Guthrie's Geography*.”

Steel's Naval Remembrancer, from the Commencement of the War in 1793 to the End of the Year 1800—intended as a complete Supplement to the Navy Lists up to that Period. Steel, Minories, Tower-Hill. 1s. Fine copy 1s. 6d.

THIS work contains a great deal of information relative to the navy, which has so eminently distinguished itself in the present contest. Lists of all the ships of the French, Dutch, Spanish, and British navies lost, taken, or destroyed—of the French, Dutch, and Spanish privateers taken by Great Britain—of those settlements and colonies captured from the enemy, in which the navy have had a share—and of the British commanding officers who have lost their lives in the service of their country—these, form the contents of the *Remembrancer*, which appears to have been “compiled with the most scrupulous attention to accuracy, and from sources peculiar to the publisher, who has long devoted his attention to the concerns of the British navy.”

In the Preface we meet with the following animated and well written paragraph, which (however the horrors of war may, and indeed ought to be deplored), must impart a sincere pleasure to every friend of his country:—“The triumphs of the *British navy*, from the time of Alfred down to the close of the eighteenth century, were never greater than in the present war. In fleets, or in single combats, victory or fame has had something to record. Skill, perseverance, courage, high honour, and generous feeling, have been the characteristics of the naval warriors of Britain in the present contest—and although history will fix upon the greater and more brilliant epochs, although she will consecrate to latest time the fame of Howe, of Jervis, of Duncan, and of Nelson, and shade their brows with the laurel of victory; not less deserving of record are acts of individual heroism and gal-

lantry, such as were exhibited by FAULKNER in the West Indies, and by HOOD on the shores of hostile France. The remembrance of these deeds affects the sympathy of a nation, and acts as a stimulus to a new race of heroes. Emulation (oh! how unlike ambition!) inflames the latent spark of honourable sensation, governs the noble mind, and leads it on by means of high example. Such are the sons of Britain!"

It may not be improper just to remind the reader, that he will find elegant portraits and faithful biographies of these NAVAL HEROES in several of the former Numbers of our miscellany.

Butler's Collection of Arithmetical Tables, designed for the Use of his own Scholars. Conder and Newbery. 6d.

THIS Collection is not designed by the author *exclusively* for the use of his own scholars—of course the public has to do with its merits, which shall be stated with brevity.

Mr. B. has, in this little pamphlet, brought together with his accustomed accuracy, various *tables* with which it is necessary that the minds of the youth, of both sexes, should be made thoroughly acquainted. The profoundest sciences have their respective elements—without a knowledge of which they appear to be a jumble of disorder and confusion! In the art of teaching, therefore, the competent tutor will pay due attention to *the first principles* of what he teaches—for the foundation being once well laid, the superstructure can be raised with pleasure and facility.

Retrospect of the Political World,

FOR MARCH, 1801.

AS it is our design only to *touch* on political matters—we accordingly beg the attention of our readers to a few particulars, which shall be detailed with our accustomed brevity.

We mentioned, in our last number, that his MAJESTY was seriously indisposed—we are happy now to say, that he is restored to the duties of his high and exalted station. The illness under which he for several days laboured, took a favourable turn—and the agitation which his indisposition occasioned in the nation, is thus happily turned into joy. May his life be spared for many years to come—and he endeared to his subjects by their enjoyment of every blessing!

No list of the *new ministry* has, we believe, transpired. But the first that can be obtained shall be laid before our readers. We might indeed mention several of their names, but wishing to give an *entire list*, we must defer it to another opportunity.

The altercation with the *Northern powers* is still in a state of suspense, respecting the measures to be taken for its adjustment. Our *fleet* has sailed for the North Seas. But it is said that *Sweden* and *Denmark* have made, or are making, proper explanations. *Russia*, however, with a stubbornness peculiar to herself, continues to insult us—and will most probably receive a severe chastisement. The shores of the Baltic will be made to resound with the British thunder, and PAUL will then be inclined to proposals of peace and amity. His conduct is that of a madman. The suddenness of his attack upon us, and the barbarous treatment of our fellow subjects, may be justly deemed traits of insanity.

Our advices from the fleet in the Mediterranean, under Lord Keith, and from the forces, under General Abercrombie, inform us that nothing has been yet done decisively in that quarter of the world. It is reported that they are safely landed in the vicinity of Egypt, but how, or at what period the operations will be conducted, remains in a state of obscurity. Time, however, will soon developé this matter, and we shall then perceive the purposes for which the expedition is intended.

To every lover of his country it must be a source of pleasure to recollect that March 1801 has seen the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act *expire!* The subject cannot be any longer imprisoned without being brought to a speedy trial—how inestimable are the blessings of civil and religious liberty!

We cannot close without remarking the general distress occasioned among the lower classes of the community by the high price of provision, and most sincerely wish that some measure could be adopted to alleviate so serious a calamity. Our sympathy should be extended to all in distress, and every effort should be made to relieve the wants and necessities of our fellow-creatures. We must, however, endure with patience, what cannot, at least for the present, be removed. It is our fervent prayer, that *the inhabitants of Britain* may be restored once more to the participation of peace and plenty!

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

(From the London Gazette.)

JOHN Sadler, Birmingham, grocer. Joseph Golding, Bridport, Dorsetshire, twine-maker. Thomas Spier, Gloucester, mercer. Samuel Patterson, Manchester, dealer. Richard Blackburn, Bilton-with-

Harrogate, Yorkshire, mercer. Robert Overs, Shep-
ley, Yorkshire, clothier. John Beethom, jun. Lan-
caster, liquor-merchant. William Shalders, of Church-
street, Bethnal Green, victualler. William Knibb, of
Maidenhead-bridge, Berks, innkeeper. Edward Neale,
of Grantham, Lincoln, mercer and draper. Richard
Gouldsmith, of New Bond-street, embroiderer. Charles
Baker, the younger, of Prescott, Devon, tanner. John
Howitt and Francis Weldon, of Whitecross Place, near
Finsbury-square, dealers. William Butler, of White-
cross-street, brazier. Frederick Michal Fisher, of
Barbican, jeweller. Richard Beaumont and Stephen
Vickerman, of Healybutts, South Crosland, Almond-
bury, Yorkshire, clothiers. Moses Henry Moses, of
Birmingham, factor. Roger Durant, of North Taw-
ton, Devonshire, butcher. Edward Williams, of Li-
verpool, baker. John Wallace and William Hawes,
of Hanwell, Middlesex, soap-makers. Robert Thomp-
son, of Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer.
Robert Farr, of Aldersgate-street, Middlesex, victu-
aller. Benjamin Wraith, of Great Bolton, Lancashire,
cotton-spinner. Job Wadman, of Bridport, Dorset,
linen-draper. Thomas Hamner, of Bristol, grocer.
Thomas Rees, of Llanbadarn Trefeglwys, Cardigan,
shopkeeper. Daniel Lilley, of Manchester, manu-
facturer. John Higgott, of Birmingham, teaman. H.
Wilmott and S. Wilmott, of Beaminster, Dorset, tan-
ners. Luke Kidd, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, flax-
dresser. J. C. Holman, of Mount-street, Middlesex,
money-scrivener. Richard Baron, of Liverpool, mo-
ney-scrivener. S and A. Field, of Bermondsey-street,
woolstaplers. T. Moscrop, of Little Bolton, Lancas.
cotton-manufacturer. Thomas Robinson, of Liver-
pool, timber-merchant. Wm. Sheldirk, late of Wi-
tham, Essex, coachmaster. W. Hinton, late of West
Harding-street and of High Holborn, now of the Old
Bailey, engraver. Lawrence Eglin, late of Coleman-
street, London, merchant. John Ricketts, of Bristol,
toy-maker. Robert Sims, late of Walworth, Surrey,
grocer. F. C. A. Sandwell, late of Devizes, Wilts,
clothier. Daniel West, of Windsor, coal merchant.

Charles Eldridge, of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, victualler. George Long, of Manchester, cotton-manufacturer. Moses Eadon, of Manchester, merchant. Aaron Rayner, of Manchester, merchant. J. Ashworth, Southmolton-street, Hanover-square, warehouseman. John Rich, of Bristol, breeches-maker. Thomas Merritt, of Gloucester, salesman. George Williams, of Saffron-hill, Middlesex, shoemaker. Robert Sharples, late of Anderton, Lancashire, shop-keeper. John Fiddy, of Collishall, Norfolk, corn-merchant. G. Pugh and J. Davis, of Old Fish-street, London, chemists. J. Lane, of Stratford, Essex, corn-chandler. H. Pistor, of Abchurch-lane, merchant. J. Charles and T. Loft, of Friday-street, warehousemen. J. Sayce, of Lower Thames-street, sack-maker. S. Morley, of Fleet-street, tailor. J. Groves, Liverpool, mariner. H. Hunt, of Bristol, tea-dealer. W. Emmett, of Manchester, plumber. J. Delamain, of Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant. W. Sellers, of Bristol, spinning-machine-maker. W. Ireland, N. Calvert, J. Overend, and C. Tomlinson, of Lancaster, merchants. W. Smith, of Oxendon-street, St. Martin in the Fields, tailor. George Brown, of Old Cavendish-street, Middlesex, tailor. J. Walker, of King-street, Borough of Southwark, shoemaker. R. Roberts and W. Williams, of Great Distaff-lane, London, warehousemen. John Dow, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, haberdasher. R. Lascelles, of South Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, tailor. Wm. Smith, of Mile-end, Middlesex, insurance-broker. Wm. Popple, of Kingston-upon-Hull, brewer. Jo. and Js. Sharples, of Anderton, Lancashire, manufacturers. J. Waring, late of Durham-place, Lambeth-road, merchant. J. Friend, of Bermondsey-street, fell-monger. T. Martin, of Old 'Change, warehouseman. J. Hutchinson, of Birmingham, factor. J. Clark, of Staunton, Worcestershire, vintner. J. Judge, of King-street, Surry, currier. J. Rouse, of Sudbury, Suffolk, linen-draper. T. Norris, jun. of Lincoln's-inn-fields, cabinet-maker. G. W. Seaborne, of Narrow-street, Limehouse, mattr-maker. G. Turner, of the Strand, shoemaker.

BIRTHS.

Of a son and heir, the Countess of Guildford; of sons, the ladies of H. Bowles, Esq. St. Paul's Church-Yard; of Capt. Shirley, R.N. at Lymington; of Sir Home Popham, in York-Place. Of daughters, Lady Louisa Brome, in Cavendish-square; the ladies of Sir G. Armytage, at Kirklees Hall; of Sir J. Kennaway, at Escott; and of Lieut. Col. Vesey, in Downing-street.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. G. Coles, of Lawrence Pountney-lane, to the youngest daughter of M. Fenning, Esq. of Mitcham. H. Spooner, Esq. of the 15th light dragoons, to Miss A. J. Johnson, of Loughborough. At Glasgow, the Hon. Rolls, of the artillery, to the youngest daughter of the late Capt. Hunt, of the 6th regiment. In Edinburgh, Major M'Gregor, of the Bengal cavalry, to Miss C. W. Dunbar. The Hon. T. Jarvis, of Antigua, to Miss Blackwell. A. Sheriff, Esq. of the Old Jewry, to Miss Cowie, of Highbury-place. At Liverpool, J. Way, Esq. to Miss E. Herbert. Mr. W. Fulton, of Watling-street, to Miss King, of Drums, N. B. The Rev. Dr. S. John Blacker, of Chester, to the youngest daughter of the late Dr. Messiter. Mr. C. J. Primavera, to Miss C. A. daughter of Mr. Crickett, M. P. Captain Patterson, of the guards, to Miss Jones, of Colchester. At Doncaster, E. Frank, Esq. to Miss Sowerby. Mr. G. Burton, of Manchester, to Miss A. Mitchel, of Sheffield. H. Barton, Esq. to Miss Tinley, of Shields.

DEATHS.

At Ellingen, in Germany, Ralph Heathcote, Esq. his Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the Elector of Cologne, and to the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel. At Bath, in her 74th year, Mrs. Johnstone, widow of General Johnstone, and mother of the Countess of Jersey. At Newry, Ireland, on the 12th inst. the Right Rev. Dr. Lennon, the titular Bishop of Dromore. At Brunswick, in the 85th year of her age, the

Duchess Dowager of Brunswick, sister to Frederic the Great. At Jaffa, the Lady of General Koehler. At Brighton, F. Biddulph, Esq. of Charing-cross. At Twyford, Lieut. Col. Duroure. Near Stranrear, Mrs. Col. Ross. Mr. W. second son of the Hon. A. Fraser, of Lovat. At Berwick House, J. H. Powys, Esq. At the Castle-Inn, Devises, Capt. B. M'Dermitt. In Old Burlington-street, Sir J. Call, Bart. M. P. for Calington. In Charles-street, Lady Newhaven. At Thorpe, Norfolk, aged 105, Mr. T. Searle. Lady H. Bennet, daughter of Lord Tankerville. Lieut. Gen. Blathwayt, Col. of the 27th regiment of light dragoons. E. Parry, Esq. of Cateaton-street. J. Pott, Esq. of Eltham, aged 89. Mr. S. Brown, of Richmond-Green, aged 83. In Wigmore-street, the widow of Gen. S. L. Morris. In Spring-gardens, H. F. youngest son of Shaw Lefevre, Esq. M. P. At Blo Norton, Mrs. Wilgress, aged 89. At Worcester, Mrs. H. Palmer, aged 88.

To Correspondents.

The very flattering reception which the Monthly Visitor has experienced, particularly since the change in the plan of the work, is highly gratifying to the Proprietors. The unprecedented sale of the two last Numbers has rendered a *second edition* necessary, which is now ready for delivery.

We invite the communications of W. Case, jun. which will ever find an uniform attention paid to them. In our next Number we shall complete his poetic article of the Minstrel Youth.

We have received the Enigmas, &c. from our Weedon Correspondent, which were too late for insertion this month.

Irione, C. Strong, with many others, are also received, and under consideration.

The Editors of the Monthly Visitor would recommend many of their Poetic Friends to direct their talents to *prose writing*, which, it is their opinion, (from some of the productions lately received,) might be done with ultimate success.

ric the
r. At
r. At
Mrs.
Fraser,
Esq.
t. In
or Cal-
At
ady H.
Gen.
goons.
of El-
Green,
en. S.
son of
Wil-
almer,

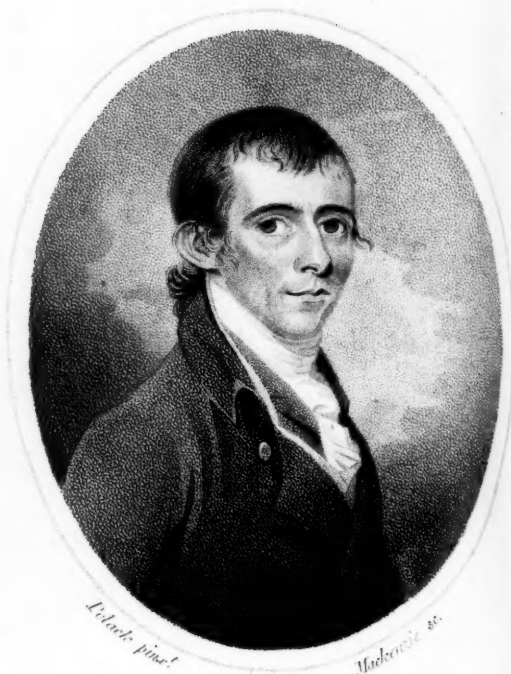
s expe-
work, is
of the
which is

ill ever
ber we

respon-

under

of their
h, it is
might



Del. G. Pine!

Madame de M.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD

Author of "The Farmer's Friend"